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•JOHN MORTON
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it's like swimming for a long time . . . and coming to an island

CLE CLEVELAND

CLEMEGAZINE

NUMBER 3X

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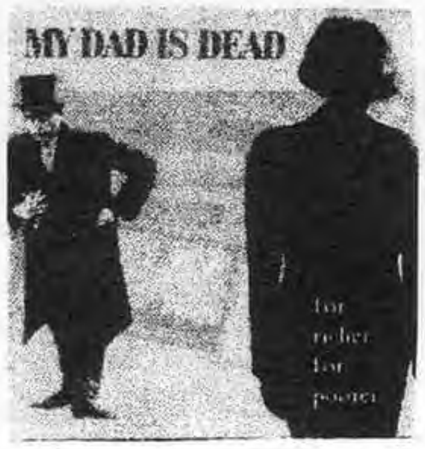

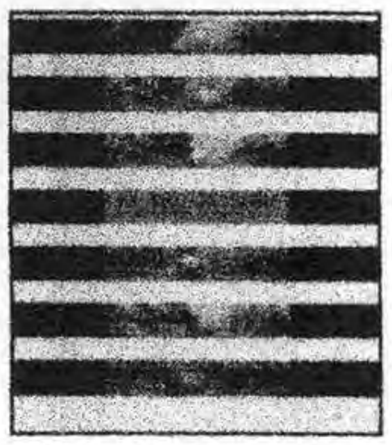

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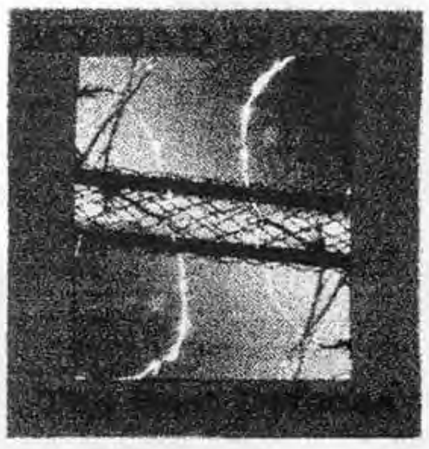

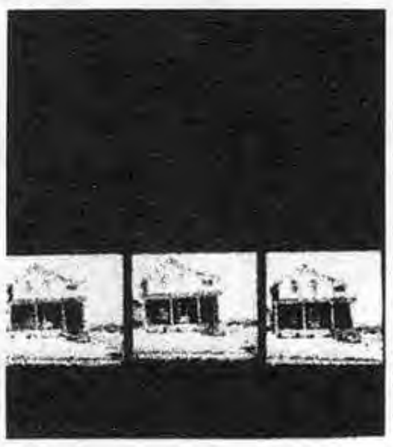

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Swank Motel

The Swanky Sounds of Now!

Aging gracefully and too many punk bands later, Tom Miller and Darryl Lawrence were in need of an easier and quieter approach to hanging out and acting like someone special just because they had a place to rehearse. With merely a pawnshop guitar, an armful of prehistoric pop records, and a warm six pack of budget brew, *Tom & Darryl's Screwed-Up Acoustic Lounge Band* was officially conceived, and spewed forth. Week after week, packs of cigarettes were sacrificed in exposure to the worst possible interpretations of songs most loved by any old geezer, as well as reworkings of many of today's alternative* heavyweights. After months of this painful grind, they set out to unleash themselves on the wanting, needing, begging, and unknowing public. Performing several not-so-memorable shows and producing a studio recording so brilliant that it sounded like shit, this potentially dynamic duo had accumulated a rock solid source of support, and the boys decided they were ready to bulk up their forces.

Every conceivable resource was drained, and after auditioning all the clueless, psychopathic musical artists available, a real vocalist, an upright, uptight, and outta sight bassist, and a wicked small-kit drummer had slithered into their lounge limbo. Righteous and complete, **Swank Motel** was born.

They rehearsed, they exchanged ideas, they laughed, they cried, they drank. Then, they rehearsed some more.

Rolling along like a well-oiled machine, scraping at every square-inch of history's musical rainbow and picking out all of its juiciest tidbits, no territory has been left uncharted. It's all rolled up into a Thirties and Forties swing mixed with Sixties and Seventies lounge, interpreted with Nineties attitude by a band exposed to the true alternative* of the Eighties *(to this day, only one person has supposedly been able to understand what any of this means, we haven't a clue.)*

Now they're the midwest's hottest alternative* band with today's happening, Holiday Inn sound, seen with the likes of Nancy Sinatra, The Coctails, Soul Coughing, and Lydia Lunch—or at one of their countless own shows in the finer drinking establishments this corner of the globe.

And, as if all this weren't enough, *CLE Megazine* has freshly resurfaced its ugly head on the modern masses to bring you the single finished track from their recorded demo portfolio.

Please feel free to loosen up, get happy, hit the dance floor, grab a stool and touch yourself if you wish. This is your time to enjoy "World Up My Ass," along with Tom, Hadley, John, Benjamin, and Darryl. They will whip you into a frenzy and fill you with everlasting joy.

"Keep it Swanky!"

BOBBY HOLIDAY
Swank Motel Fan Club, 1227 E. 175th, Cleveland OH 44119

* A hated word that fits appropriately into this golden mound of literary feces.

MIRRORS - FOLLOW THE MONEY

Of course, the influence of the Stooges on the original Cleveland Big! Wave groups is well-known. But at this point, it might be edifying to look at them in terms of the ORIGINAL Stooges, i.e. the Three Stooges. The Three Stooges were invariably depicted as strangers-in-a-strange-land, struggling to integrate & assimilate into a society that was determined to refuse them. (To those aware of Cleveland rock history, the parallels are obvious.) Most widely lauded and loved is/was Pere Ubu, in the Curly function: the unleashing of the id. The Electric Eels were the scene's Moe--aggressive and violent. Representing the sly, soulful Larry (the musical one, often appearing with a violin) were Mirrors, a rock group specializing not in transcending reality, but transcending through reality.

FLASH-FORWARD TO: NYC, the Nineties . . . the last incarnation of Mirrors (Jamie Klimek, Paul Marotta, Paul Laurence) recorded the album "Another Nail In The Coffin," but trying to buy a copy was nearly impossible. No record stores could get it. Recently, however, they've been showing up. CLE called Paul Marotta so see what's going on:

by Sera Ocko

CLE: I was going to ask you whatever happened to the Mirrors' *Another Nail* release, but lately I've had a couple of people tell me they're finding them in stores.

Paul Marotta: Well, the company that released it—Resonance Records—went out of business. They were based in the Netherlands, but they had a New York branch, and they released about 35 titles in America. They made the Mirrors albums and cds, but they never got as

Jamie Klimek, Paul Marotta, Paul

far as the cassettes.

CLE: So it was released, the company went out of business and they've been sitting in a warehouse ever since?

PM: Basically. When it came out we got a couple of reviews, did the New Music Seminar showcases to support it. Then the guys at Resonance started acting bizarre, and the next thing we knew they closed the office. That was it. I understand that they finally unloaded all the stock they had, and they have a company here in New York—that I suspect they own—that is selling them. I'd like to find out, because we'll be visiting them with legal papers, if that's the case. Things got all screwed up with the Pagans record, too, that they had from me.

CLE: I didn't even know they had a Pagans record.

PM: They had a *good* Pagans record, but they never paid anything for it, so we ended-up suing them in the United States. I couldn't even get the advance out of them for the Mirrors record. We signed the deal, but the money never came through . . . and they put the records out. We eventually got the advance in New York—I can't remember exactly what papers we filed. Anyway, we won the case, got the money, and then I went to the Dutch Performing Rights organization, because in Europe, record companies have to pay publishing at the time of manufacture, unlike the US where they pay you based on sales. Over there, the pressing plant actually pays the publishing royalties and then charges the client as part of the manufacturing cost. That's how they keep it nice and easy and nobody can get cheated.

So now they're selling old stock as cut-outs. The company's out of business. The contracts are null and void. The rights are back to Jamie.

CLE: The joys of the record biz!

PM: Do you know this band the Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments?

CLE: Sure. They're from Columbus. They're really good.

PM: Did you know they cover an Electric Eels song?

CLE: Yeah, they do "Cyclotron."

PM: There's a band called Guitar Wolf that's recorded "Everything Near Me." It's on a label out of Seattle called A Bag Of Hammers. They look like long-haired punky metal Japanese kids.

CLE: Have you heard it?

PM: No, I just ordered a copy. That's why I wish Jamie had included publishing information on the CLE cd sleeve! I'd hate to see what happened to Cheetah Chrome happen to John or Jamie. Cheetah never collected a dime from "Ain't It Fun."

CLE: What can you tell me about Scat Records' Electric Eels/Mirrors/Styrenes package?

PM: The whole concept was to put out stuff that was not recorded by any of the bands in any other version. That's why I was a little-bit miffed when I heard CLE was putting out "Flapping Jets", because we've got a "Flapping Jets" on the Scat compilation. There are just a few songs that never saw the light of day. It's all early stuff. The Eels live at the Viking is on there. Mirrors stuff from Earthman Studio—really primitive stuff. Live Mirrors with Craig Bell . . . "Frustration" is on there. The Styrenes stuff features some songs that we never played live. There's a bunch of noise jams with Jamie playing guitar with Jim Jones. Home demo tapes, early 4-tracks . . . There's some stuff using those little Styrenophones that they used to make. I'd take fuzzboxes and rewire them and make noise generators out of them, and mount them with little switches and stuff. They'd make cool blips and squeaks, nice white noise.

CLE: So what are *you* up to?

PM: I'm preparing to play a live gig at the Cunningham studio for a dancer, doing what *was* a Styrene's piece—"2 Up 2 Down". We've put some choreography to it, and it starts rehearsal tomorrow night, so I'm trying to put a band together for that. Also, I work for New World Records. We're a not-for-profit foundation. I only do American music, but I do *any* kind of music, so it's everything from classical, including contemporary classical, historical stuff going back to the 1700s German-American integration period, Native American . . . I'm putting out penitential Catholic hymns from a small group in New Mexico.

CLE: How many do you press?

PM: 2-3 thousand, and I've had some that have done pretty well. We've won some Grammy Awards. We've been in business 20 years, and I've been running the company for 6 years now. I do 30 titles a year. We're largely unknown in the commercial record business, but I just had my picture on the cover of Billboard, so we get some good press. We've had 17 Grammy nominations, so we do OK. We have to raise money because its a foundation.

One of the issues that we talk about as a not-for-profit, non-commercial label, is . . is the rock 'n' roll genre one that we should be paying attention to? We're starting to move that way. We put out a cut by Elliott Sharp, because there is a body of work that can only be defined as rock, that's so far outside the commercial marketplace because the commercial marketplace can't support it. There's labels like Cuneiform . . . what we're talking about is not just a bad selling record. Rock in 1995 is where jazz was in the forties. And there's a group of people who intellectualize it enough to consider it "serious" music, "art" music, but it's not accepted yet by the academic establishment, and New World is a totally academic establishment company.

Radio demons do exist. Their existence is proven mostly by anecdotal evidence; people see some weird shit and describe the event to a 'scientist', who discounts it all as hallucination or con-artistry. But radio tech is magical to begin with, frontiers still end at totally unexplainable zones. Radio waves float (theoretically) infinitely, and folks pick up the Moscow Evening News on dental fillings. Cows have been killed by voodoo-like radio wave 'rays', and thanks to radio tech, shit-stained drunken guitarists can walk on stage without tripping on their cords.

It was called Brainrot Radio Theater. Heard on Chas Smith's ESO Radio (WCSB, 89.3 FM, Cleveland) for almost 8 years, Brainrot featured a cowboy, an Indian, and a crusty sidekick. A worn out radio premise maybe, but Brainrot was twisted. The cowboy—Lonesome Cowboy Dave—was a near-psycho substance abuser, and the world's worst country singer. The sidekick—Scabby Daze—had been deemed incurable, permanent wards of the state by Dr. Klaus Trafobia, the villain, an evil neo-Freudian shrink who used them as free lab rats back at Sebring State Mental Institution. The Indian—Dr. Simon Nipplesworth Yatahey Psychopathfinder (Psychopathfinder to you)—was not only a powerful medicine man, but a renowned holistic psychotherapist. You see how the Indian medicine man could be tempted, right? Because even the pure are sometimes vain.

Yup, pardners, pure Americana. But as bleak and shitty as it really is. Lonesome, Psychopathfinder, and Scabby lived in a shabby, rusted, crap-grade aluminum RV, parked near a toxic swamp. There, Psychopathfinder practiced transplanal therapy on Lonesome, hoping to cure him via Native American methods and cop a Nobel Prize. He used radio theater, even Lonesome's own horrible songs to frame the environment. Most episodes were therapy sessions; On The Road a la Kero-whacko, Lonesome as a drunken store Santa fired for urinating on a little girl's leg, Lonesome as a foul-signing droogie who commits 'sound ultra-violence', or the everyday Lonesome abducted by aliens on his way to sneak 'scrips, warm Goebbels' beer, and stale pork rinds behind Psychopathfinder's back. Life in Korporate Amerika. Sometimes Dr. Klaus Trafobia clapped 'em back in ze slammy. Sometimes the RV sunk into the cesspool or toxic swamp.

For almost 8 years Lonesome, Psycho, and Scabby wrestled with personal and global demons, channeling their warped personalities at a miscreant CLE/AKR audience. Then somehow Brainrot leaked out over Lake Erie and Canadian and Detroit fans listened. Gary Dee had Brainrot on 3 times before they were fired, supposedly over a satirical commercial about enviro-safe edible diapers. Satirical commercials like 'The Pee-leece' (about instant urinalysis kits for self-deputized drug law enforcers), and 'Hiroshima Schwartz's Miniature Nuclear Weapon's Warehouse' (Home of The Pocket Thunder, and many other fine low range, low rad nukes that fit in your purse or pocketbook) got national college airplay. Then airplay on Radio Netherlands, some alternative stations in Australia, and then fairly regular airplay on KUSF's "Radio Shorts" in San Francisco. The Reverend Ivan Stang of the almighty Church Of The Subgenius heard them once while in CLE, and asked to appear on the show. Stang later misguidedly dubbed them 'the Firesign of the '90s', and Brainrot was soon being heard in over 15 cities on the Church's "Hour OF Slack" radio show. Underground success (mutually exclusive terms?) seemed imminent for Brainrot. Then radio demons came and smoked their souls, and rotted their brains for real.

1930s NEWSREEL MUSIC UP AND UNDER
LATE 1930s VOICE OVER:
You-ah friend . . . the amazing radio wave!
Yes everyone in America can count they-ah lucky stahs foah this miracle of mod-ahn science! The yea-ah? 1995! Modern radio wave toilets ahh flushing from Caribou to Kans-ass! This tiny device actually . . .
(SOUND OF EXTENDED EXPLOSION, NUCLEAR-LIKE)

Sophomoric, anal Brainrot, intellectual, in-joke Brainrot, swampy/experi and true-to-old-radio Brainrot: Poor schmucks. In Brainrot's case, the demons materialized during Live caller talk/back segments at first. These wraith-like shapes zapping around the transmitter box. That was spooky, but then coffee

mugs started flying around and crashing into things in the unoccupado lounge. You'd run in there, and the stuff would fall to the ground in front of your eyes. Bum urine seeped into the main console, myrrh and dog-fart vapors filled the studio, wailing and course laughter bled into the signal, acid-colored flashes punctuated by unplanned on air obscenity bloops. One time these guys with Gulf War gas masks and HAZMAT suits came in and supposedly 'degaussed' the whole floor.

BIBLICAL MUSIC UP AND UNDER
ORSON WELLES NARRO:

Hello everyone and welcome once again to another thickening instillment of the science fiction horror bible classic: Jesus Meets The Mole People. We join Jesus, Peter, and Paul . . . at the knees, where they belong . . . (SOUND OF NOSE DRILL)

Naturally, this caused a lot of stress, resulting in cast conflicts and ridiculous arguments, until Brainrot was 'semi-abandoned'.

I chilled through most of the invasions, just observing the demons, trying not to get too frightened, trying to learn something about them. I never learned the most important question—their place of origin. Hollow earth, deep space, hell; that was kept hush-hush. I did learn their names, though, and job codes. Yeah, their OCs! See, their mission (they were paid hourly, so it was really just a job) was to channel into the performers, then twist 'character identification' into demonic possession.

SCARY BRAINROT THEME #3 (LOST IN DARK FOREST):

PSYCHOPATHFINDER: Oh no! Great Spirit, Scabby! Loathsome Cowpie's eyes roll back in head! Tongue black! Putrid breath! Him possessed by evil N-titty . . .

SCABBY: He looksh the same as usual to me, Psychic-poodle-fondler! Arghkksflght! This neck brace is still contaminated!

LONESOME (coming to): Oh my dog in Cleveland . . . sweet humpin' baby Hey-Zeus . . . what's happened to my tranquil center? M-m-my unmentionables seem damp . . and er askewered . . erm, Whut's going on, Psycho?

PPF: Demon eat way into navel, Dave! Unless me find something in medicine bag pronto you in heap load of sh(ABRUPT CLICKOVER TO COMMERCIAL SPOT 'ALIEN SMEGMA PIE')

Essentially, the demons followed me home. That's the only tenable conclusion, your onerousnees. Y'see, Senator Landfill and foul-o membranes of this committee; as I sit here in my new old RV surrounded by hundreds of hours of unedited, unlabeled, undocumented radio theater, live improv music and swamp radio, I know I'm just wanking into a fuzzy sock. Radio demons love pure Americana. All that Hank Williams and sad poetry shit.

They're heeeeere . . .

Yes, the Moon is indeed cruel. So bright, so beautiful, yet so cold and distant. At once all seeing and knowing, yet uncaring, unsparing in its vast store of wisdom, keeping all to itself save for tidal pullings and lunatical psychopathies. We now look at a small spot on Earth, within the small hamlet of Kent, Ohio, where dwells a musical consortium calling itself . . .

cruel, cruel moon

If you were to ask them about their music, I'm sure you would get three completely different answers from each of them. You would end up with nine different answers . . . or more, if you asked whoever might be drumming for them at the time. Or you might get a blank stare, or a shrug and a smirk. If you were to ask me about their music, I would probably describe it as simply as possible by saying that they're doing the kind of great, garagey, loud, Velvet-Undergroundy, heavy, rhythmic kind of music that almost nobody is doing these days; That it is dynamic in a way that is not formulistic (like post-Nirvana punk-pop); That it is highly emotional and highly personal without being precious (most of the time); That it is experimental without being "intellectual" or avant garde (in a bad way); That it is noisy without being noise; Funny without being a joke; Serious, but not taking itself too seriously. That they make almost any other band's futile attempts at "cool" look completely pathetic, while not seeming too "cool" themselves. They always seem a little surprised and happily pleased when people actually seem to appreciate what they are doing.

Tim Gilbride, Craig Martin, Carolyn Getson, and Derek Erdman

But what is it that they do? What makes them so unique? In this era when even the mainstream of popular music is called "alternative," and so-called "punk" bands produce #1 selling records, Cruel, Cruel Moon hearken back to the days when being "punk" or "alternative" meant making music was something you did out of a drive to create, to say something, to express some inner feeling that could not be expressed otherwise, something you did out of boredom and camaraderie.

CCM formed through some fortuitous propinquity in the summer of '94, when Carolyn Getson (bass, guitar, vocals, etc) and Tim Gilbride (guitar, etc) welcomed the newly-returned-from-NYC Craig Martin (guitar, bass, vocals, etc) to their humble abode, and promptly set up a permanent band practice space in their living room. This communal setup quickly flourished, and with the addition of a string of itinerant drummers (Mark Keffer, Warren Thompson, Ian Penter, and Derek Erdman) became a full-grown BAND. (For those interested in the musical history of each individual member, you can turn to the minutely detailed band family tree found elsewhere this issue.)

Despite Mr. Martin's assertion that "I can honestly say post-punk changed my life," CCM are indeed "true punk rock," as an amazed John Langford exclaimed after seeing them perform recently in Cleveland. Not punk rock like you'd expect to see topping the charts these days, or even punk rock like the stereotypical image of the Clash/Pistols/Ramones. Punk because they mean what they are doing, because they are doing what they want to do, and they don't give a **** about what everyone else is doing, because it's what they have to do.

Here's a little more detail about what they sound like. Craig sings songs that are usually either painfully simple (two chord rockers that knock you over) or simply painful (delicate little ballads that make you feel like maybe you shouldn't be overhearing this confessional.) His guitar playing is very rhythmic, which is why he doubles on bass when Carolyn takes over on guitar and sings her songs.

Carolyn's songs are totally unclassifiable. Songs of a highly personal and heartfelt nature, her way with a lyric and melody is stunning. OK, maybe they seem a little on the folky side, but if you're really listening, you'd be hard pressed to call them that. Are they folk, or country 'n' western, or r'n'r, or what? While you're listening, you're too enrapt to think that far ahead.

And you can match what Craig and Carolyn are doing with their songs to what Tim is doing on guitar. Rarely does one see guitar-playing of such poetry, artfulness, conviction, variety, and intensity. Yet looking at his face, you'd think he was building parts in a factory assembly line. His calm exterior belies the unyielding creativity found between his hands and guitar.

So what have you learned? Here are some hard facts: They have finished recording a massive number of songs that they are sending out to people who might like their music. They are trying to get someone with the power to put out records to listen to it, and maybe put out a record. They are playing out as much as possible. They write new songs like they have an endless supply of bottomless wells full of them. Listen to them! Write to them! Go and see them play somewhere! Send them flowers! And don't be cruel. That's their job.

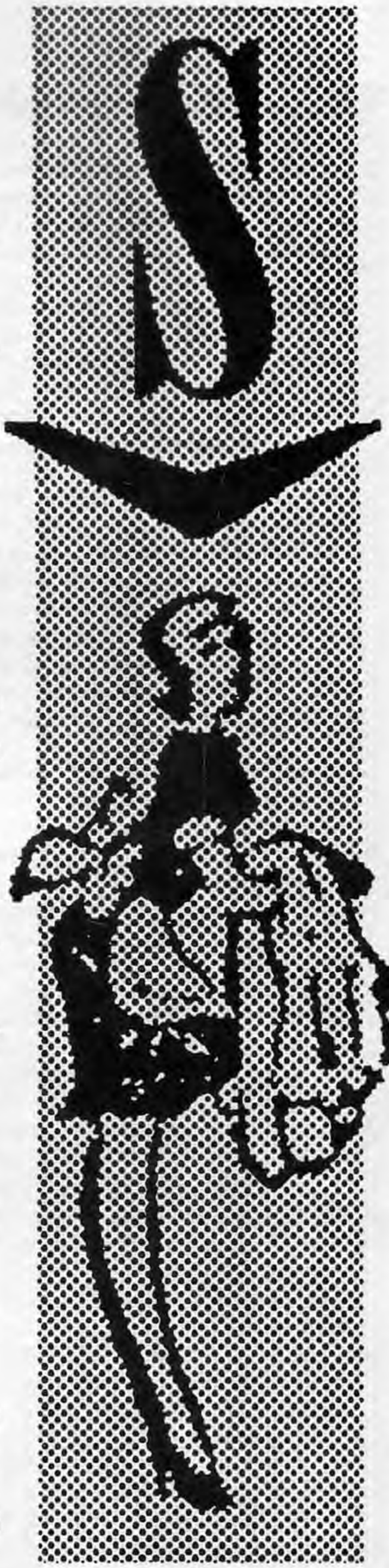
JEFF CURTIS
(CCM can be reached at 1687 Brady Lake, Kent OH 44240.)

Robert Griffin is an accomplished business artist, as well as majordomo of prolific midwest indie label, ***Scat****. He's been in bands for the last ten years, most notably Prisonshake, a guitar band notorious for --as the Scat catalog puts it-- "a brand of rock so vacuous and inane that it defies description, but as Homer Simpson says, 'It works on so many levels!'" Their disc The Roaring Third a good place to start.*

In early '95, Scat left Cleveland for the greener astroturf of St. Louis.

CLE called Robert to see what's happening ...

Robert Griffin: I'm pretty excited. When I was 13 years old, I read every issue [of CLE] cover to cover, about 15 times.
CLE: How far back do you go in the Cleveland music scene?
RG: I saw some of the first WRUW concerts, and I saw bands that way, but as far as the old Cleveland groups — I mean the Pagans had broken up at that point, and Mike Hudson was doing stuff on Terminal. That's right around the point that I started being able to get into places. But the whole time up till then I had been going to the Drome every week to buy records.
CLE: I was looking through my Scat collection, and I have a Hudson / Styrenes cassette where Mike reads a story over a Styrenes accompaniment.
RG: Yeah. Paul Marotta printed those up.
CLE: Is that one of your earliest releases?
RG: No, the cassette's not an official release. The first one is from January of '89, that was a Prisonshake single. The Hudson / Styrenes was on a double 10" that was also a cd, and that came out in November of '92. A lot of the early releases were really limited--singles and odd packages. I did a little magazine that just reviewed singles.
CLE: Seven?
RG: Yeah. That's the earliest stuff.
CLE: Which came first, Seven or Scat?
RG: Scat did, actually. The first magazine is No.4 in the Scat catalog, which always made it confusing, because you have a number for the name of the magazine, an issue number, and then the Scat catalog number--which had nothing to do with the other numbers.
CLE: So Scat 4 is Seven No. 1?
RG: Yeah. The releases prior to that were just records.
CLE: Why did you decide to do a magazine?
RG: Well, I was really into the singles thing, especially getting into music from Cleveland. All the stuff that I really loved when I first got into it, everything was on singles—The Pagans singles, the Rough Trade Eels single . . . I mean, that destroyed my world! I didn't care about bands from England, y'know? They were right in my own backyard! So, I guess at the time I was doing the magazine, I was wishing that singles still had the same stature as when I first discovered this music, and I was hoping to make more people pay attention to them, because, at the time, fanzines had even quit reviewing them. But, concurrent with that, Sub Pop started doing their singles club, and they did the job way better than I ever could.
CLE: I've been buying vinyl again.
RG: I know a lot of people who are. There are some who feel strongly about cd's, but whatever . . . I mean, they're convenient. I think that the main thing is that they're just too long! Music should be heard in something like 20 minute doses, and with vinyl you can just listen to side 3—you don't have to listen to the whole thing in a totally linear way. And you can give different sides of a record a completely different feeling. You just can't do that with a cd. There's not as much depth to them, I don't think.
CLE: So Scat is still committed to vinyl?
RG: Yeah, we do just about everything on vinyl. Last summer there were two full-length releases that I didn't do on vinyl, because I was beginning to get convinced that I was gonna lose oodles of money pressing albums, but at this point, I think I can at least break even, and I need to do it because it's important. I can't think of cd's as being archival, and I think that with records. . . I think people will still be listening to them in 20 years. I mean, plenty of cd's I've bought have gone bad.
CLE: How long ago did the Matador distribution deal happen?
RG: That started in March of '94.
CLE: Was it a result of your releasing Guided by Voices?
RG: Well, I had used a couple of other distributors in the same capacity because we were in pretty bad shape, financially. We had done a lot of distribution of other labels, and had always lost tons of money. Those losses had nothing to do with me putting out records, it had to do with selling other people's. All of the stuff I put out had broken even, but we were acting as a distributor as a way to pad out orders so that we could sell our own stuff to record stores. At that point, I really had no choice. I had to pay this money back somehow, and the only way to do that was to keep putting out records. So, the first one was with Caroline, who did two of our cd's — manufactured them, distributed them, and we got money from that and paid off some bills. Then Matador suddenly decided that they wanted to start doing that, and those guys had all liked the stuff I put out . . . I've known them for a long time. When they first started doing distribution, one of the first labels they called about selling records informally was Scat, and subsequently, alot of the newer distributed labels that they have, like Teen Beat.
CLE: So how does Atlantic feel about you wanting to release vinyl?
RG: Well, I don't have much interaction with them directly. Matador has a relationship with them, and they think vinyl's important, so I'm not getting any flak from them. I think the way they



look at it is that if it doesn't sell enough on vinyl and loses money, then they're going to recoup at least through cd sales, so I don't think they consider it a big financial worry. The only way that I deal with Atlantic is through their accounting department, because they keep track of my sales. Matador's bank account has a WEA stamp on it, but otherwise I never deal with them.

CLE: Did you start Scat to put out Prisonshake records?

RG: Basically (laughs.) In my wildest dreams I probably thought about putting out other stuff, too. When I started, all I had in mind to do was that one single. I thought that would be it. But it just kept going, and I didn't complain.

CLE: I was kind of surprised that Scat put out Christmas singles. One of my favorites is "Gimme Some Santa."

RG: Oh really? You dig that?

CLE: Yeah. What possessed you to put that out?

RG: Well, you know what it was? That cover photograph. It looks crappy on the cover, but a photographer I knew who did some photography for releases back then had found a bunch of prints out at Edgewater Park laying on the beach. And one of them was that Christmas photo. He showed it to me, and I was working in the art department at Cleveland State University at the time, and I just thought . . . with the way that dog was, and the Christmas tree in the background . . . we just *had* to make a record to put that photo on.

CLE: Did it come out in time for Christmas?

RG: Yeah, it came out for Christmas (laughs.) I wildly vacillate between a love of putting out important records, and then—in a moment of insanity—putting out total novelty records, too. I think there's a place for that.

CLE: What can you tell me about the Mirrors / Eels / Styrenes release that you're supposed to put out?

RG: Years in the making! These are Paul Marotta's tapes. There's some stuff that isn't with Paul, but for the most part it is with Paul. There's some Eels things from the Viking Saloon shows, and there's stuff from Columbus. The Mirrors stuff ranges from really early stuff up till about '76, I think, and the same for the Styrenes. The Styrenes is more experimental than any of their records, with things they did using just fuzzboxes and stuff — no actual instruments.

CLE: I like the way you're packaging them on 3 10" records.

RG: Well, I think it's important to keep the three separate. It was an incestuous scene then, and , although they're related, I still think of those bands as separate entities.

CLE: The title, "Those Were Different Times," takes me back to an old CLE article. Who wrote the liner notes?

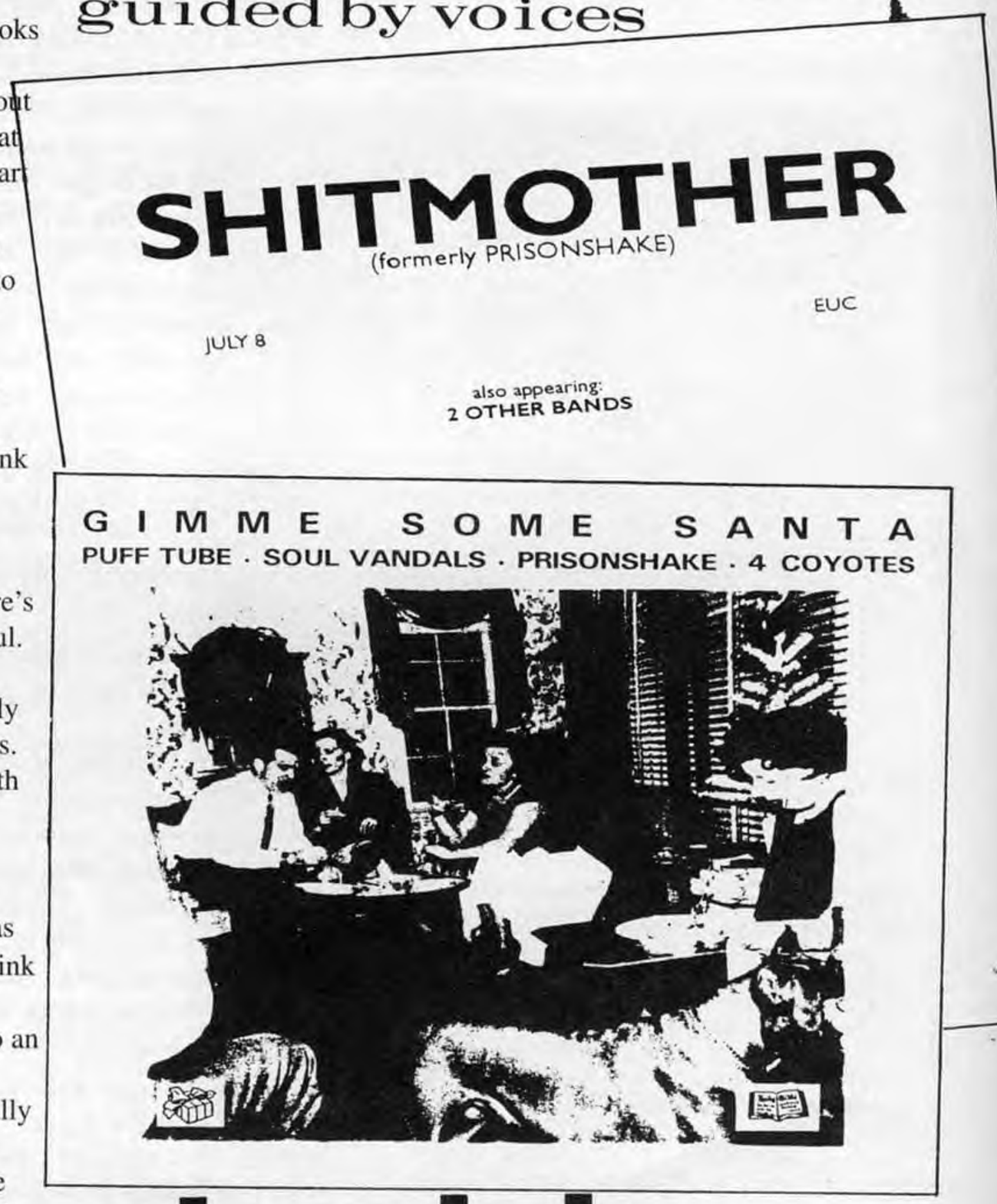
RG: (laughs) Right. No, that won't be in there, though I originally talked to Charlotte Pressler about that, and she was considering expanding it. Then we decided to just have Paul and Jamie write about it. We tried to get John to write something, too, but it didn't work out. So they give you a little background info on each song, where they were recorded, and some stories here and there. I thought it would be good if I could get somebody who was around then at least I could have the bands talk about it—they made the music, y'know. They know what they meant. It's always been weird to me that people who never saw those bands would write about them. I didn't see them, and I would never feel like I could write about them, because I can only hear about it second hand.

CLE: It's amazing to me that you could find tapes that hadn't already surfaced.

RG: Well, Paul has tons of stuff. It's all unreleased — about 30 songs, 10 from each band, except 7 Styrene songs, because their songs are a little longer.

CLE: When will it finally be released?

RG: Well, I've got all the liner notes, and tons of photographs —



SCAT DISCOGRAPHY as of Sept 95

scat one*	**PRISONSHAKE - Deanna/Shook Like Roses**	**7"**	**1/89**
scat two*	**V/A - Hotel Cleveland**	**lp**	**7/89**
	(Prisonshake/Starvation Army/Crash/Ghost Sonata)		
scat three*	**PRISONSHAKE - Singles '87-'89**	**4x7" box**	**10/89**
	contents—*Fairfield Ave Serenade (hjr4710) orig released 6/87*		
	120 Days (hjr4712) orig released 1/88		
	Deanna (scat one) orig released 1/89		
	Loaded Deck (scat three) - exclusive to box		
scat four*	**SEVEN: SCAT RECS QUARTERLY #1**	**7" & mag**	**11/89**
	(GHOST SONATA We Walked On / One Way 7")		
scat five*	**SEVEN: SCAT RECS QUARTERLY #2**	**7" & mag**	**2/90**
	(STARVATION ARMY Nasty Bit of Work / High on Lust 7")		
scat six*	**PRISONSHAKE - I'm Really Fucked Now**	**lp+cd+cs+7"**	**4/90**
scat seven*	**MY DAD IS DEAD - Shine**	**double 7"**	**6/90**
scat eight*	**SEVEN: SCAT RECS QUARTERLY #3**	**7" & mag**	**6/90**
	(CRASH Spot Me a Five / Another Disaster / Old and 99 7")		
scat nine	**4 COYOTES - Float in the Eye**	**7" pic disc**	**7/90**
scat ten*	**V/A - Hotel Cleveland vol II**	**4x7" box**	**8/90**
	(Soul Vandals/Lowdown/New Salem Witch Hunters/ California Speedbag)		
scat11*	**SEVEN: SCAT RECS QUARTERLY #4**	**7" & mag**	**11/90**
	PRISONSHAKE Almost Christmas / Hell Hell Hell / Almost Xmas (Midnight Twizzle Mix) 7"		
scat12	**CHILDREN'S CRUSADE - Scorpio Moon**	**7"**	**11/90**
	(Cleveland Archive Series vol I)		
scat13	**4 COYOTES - Wishbone Fight**	**7"**	**11/90**
scat14*	**V/A - Gimme Some Santa**	**7"**	**12/90**
	(4 Coyotes/Prisonshake/Puff Tube/Soul Vandals)		
scat15*	**SUPERSTAR DAN THEMAN**	**7"**	**2/91**
	- In the Face of Coldness / Please Tell Me What Color		
scat16	**SEVEN: SCAT RECS QUARTERLY #5/6**	**dbl 7" & mag**	**4/91**
	PUFF TUBE Emergency Peanut double 7"		
scat17	**ATTIC TRAGEDY - s/t**	**10"**	**8/91**
	(Cleveland Archive Series vol II)		
scat18*	**NOTHING PAINTED BLUE - Few/Or Do They?**	**7"**	**6/91**
scat19*	**BURNING LESBIANS - Sister Mercy/ /Horny/BLT**	**7"**	**6/91**
scat20*	**SEVEN: SCAT RECS QUARTERLY #7**	**7" & mag**	**3/92**
	MONO MEN Away/Peace of Mind 7"		
scat21*	**SOCKEYE- Grand Wizards of Your Parents' Sex Lives**	**7"**	**12/91**
scat22	**MY DAD IS DEAD - Chopping Down The Family Tree**	**lp* / cd**	**10/91**
scat23	**PRISONSHAKE - Della Street**	**10"* / cd**	**10/91**
scat24*	**MY DAD IS DEAD/PRISONSHAKE - split tour single**	**7"**	**10/91**
scat25*	**V/A - Seven**	**7 x 7" box**	**6/92**
	reprints of all the singles included in Seven magazine		
scat26	**V/A - Hotel Cleveland vol III**	**dbl 10" / cd**	**10/92**
	(Doug Gillard/My Dad Is Dead/Supie T/Burning Lesbians/ Hemlocks/Rainy Day Saints/Boy In Love; /Mirrors/Puff Tube/Vivians/Flaming Telepaths/Craw/The Styrenes)		
scat27	**SOUL VANDALS - Flower Killer/Dust Bunnies**	**7"**	**11/92**
scat28	**GUIDED BY VOICES - The Grand Hour**	**7" / cd**	**1/93**
	(cd version released Aug 1994)		
scat29	**JERKY - s/t**	**one-sided lp**	**2/93**
	(first 2 pressings titled The Subjectivist League)		
scat30	**PRISONSHAKE - 2 Sisters**	**7"**	**3/93**
scat31	**GUIDED BY VOICES - Vampire on Titus**	**lp / cd**	**8/93**
scat32	**MY DAD IS DEAD - Out of Sight, Out of Mind**	**lp / cd**	**11/93**
scat33	**PRISONSHAKE - The Roaring Third**	**lp + 7" / cd**	**1/93**
scat34	**A BULLET FOR FIDEL - Don't Want Momma to Know**	**7"**	**3/94**
scat35	**GUIDED BY VOICES - Bee Thousand**	**lp / cs / cd**	**6/94**
scat36	**COBRA VERDE - Viva la Muerte**	**cd**	**7/94**
scat37	**NOTHING PAINTED BLUE - Placeholders**	**cd**	**8/9**
scat38	**GUIDED BY VOICES - I am a Scientist**	**7" / cd**	**10/94**
scat39	**SPEAKING CANARIES- Songs for the Terrestrially Challenged**	**dbl lp / cd**	**5/95**
scat40	**GUIDED BY VOICES - Box**	**6 lp / 5 cd box**	**3/95**
	reprints first 5 pre-Scat lp's and a 6th of unreleased material		
scat41	**BIG TROUBLE HOUSE - Bullet for a Bad Man/ Hundreds of Refugees**	**7"**	**6/95**
scat 42	**SPECULA - Erupt**	**picture-disc lp/cd**	**8/95**
scat 43	**NOTHING PAINTED BLUE - Control Freak/Niacin**	**7"**	**9/95**
scat 44	**COBRA VERDE - Leather / A Story I Can Sell**	**7"**	**9/95**

**** - asterisk indicates out of print titles***

forthcoming (not in this order, but many should be out by the end of '95)

scat45	EELS/MIRRORS/STYRENES	Those Were Different Times	3x10" / cd
scat46	BILL FOX	Bird of the World	7"
scat47	NOTHING PAINTED BLUE	The Future of Communications	10" / cd
scat48	A BULLET FOR FIDEL	Saturday Night, Sunday Morning	lp / cd
scat49	SPECULA	untitled	7"
scat50	PRISONSHAKE	The Wonder of Me	7"
scat51	A BULLET FOR FIDEL	The Last Day of Fall	7"

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probably 75 photographs and flyers and article reprints, and we're going to do a huge booklet with it and put everything in there. That's going to take some time to compile and lay out, but I would say definitely by the end of the year at the very worst. It's all compiled and edited, it's just a matter of getting the artwork together at this point. There's also the manufacturing delay. I turn in the tapes and artwork to Matador, and the record comes out three months later. The cd's will be distributed by Matador, but I'm doing the vinyl on my own. It'll be three ten-inch records in a box.

CLE: You spoke before about how bad the Scat finances were at one point. Was the Guided by Voices releases what got you out from under?

RG: That helped clear me out a lot of the way, but I'm not out of the woods, yet.

CLE: I'm not familiar with them. Any observations?

RG: They're a weird band. They've been so hyped, I can see why some people are resistant to check them out, but I really think they're an important band.

CLE: Well, you must. You've put out a six record box set!

RG: We want to keep it all in print. Part of it was a concern for those guys, too, because they're so prolific that they're gonna have two albums a year for probably the next two years, and that's another five titles in the GbV bin. It'll be harder for them to sell their new recordings if there's so much for people to choose from. We figured it was better to bundle the earlier titles all together and sell them as cheap as we could. There's a definite bootleg quality to what they do. It's kind of lost in time, but there's something about how they put it all together that makes it new. They're very Ohio. They couldn't have happened anywhere but Ohio.

CLE: I've heard great things about their live shows.

RG: They're like two different bands. They're a rock band when they play, and the records are much more psychedelic and experimental. They kick out the jams when they play.

CLE: What's new on Scat that you're really excited about?

RG: The newest thing is the Speaking Canaries cd. They're from Pittsburgh — and they're pretty nutty. That came out in May.

CLE: How many releases does Scat do a year?

RG: I think the most I've ever done is ten, and the least is five.

CLE: Do you still release singles?

RG: Yeah, actually, we've just started doing singles again. We haven't been doing them that often the last two or three years. There's a new single this week by a band from Minneapolis called Big Trouble House, and new singles due from Cobra Verde and Nothing Painted Blue. We're also doing a Bill Fox single later this summer—he's the guy from the Mice.

CLE: Is Prisonshake still around?

RG: Oh yeah. We're working on new songs with some people here, and we've been recording some stuff. It's pretty wacky. I'm tempted to change the name of the band. We've been taking a recording approach rather than playing live. We've been doing things like recording the verses and choruses of the songs separately, with completely different instrumentation. Everything winds up being deconstructed. It's psychedelic in the way that everything will be changing suddenly, but in a way that makes sense, with less abrupt shifts and really defined parts.

CLE: The "Almost Christmas" single always struck me as having a kind of studio jam quality to it.

RG: Really? Well, we recorded all that stuff ourselves because Chris had a studio. Everything up to the last album we engineered and recorded ourselves--ran the tape machine, everything. It kind of annoys me in a way that it's considered really hip right now to record your own record, and everybody's tootin' their own horn about owning a 4-track. We've been doing that since 1987!

ANDREW KLIMEYK & UGLY BEAUTY

FILL IN THE BLANKS

by Michael DeCapite

Andrew Klimeyk lives in town. Whatever your town may be—Cleveland? Pittsburgh? Duluth? Dubai? London, maybe, or Brooklyn. East Paterson? West Kowloon? Stoke On Trent? . . . Wabasha? There he is, crossing the bridge at dawn . . . he's in the library, Tuesday afternoon . . . at the rail of a tugboat! . . . riding the 29 bus—Master of public transportation! Spotted near the freeway construction, taking notes . . . dunking a donut, graveyard shift—reflected in the coffee urn. He haunts the margins . . . exists in the blanks, the in-between . . . You're standing on the public square, a Sunday afternoon. Suddenly you feel a bit wan . . . somehow Hopperesque . . . a wave of ennui—can't explain why. That's Andrew, passing by. All but invisible; you can tell him by his hats.

He's connected to a secret network of strangers, outsiders. A Great Appreciator—impresario of the offbeat—brings them to town. The German trombone player who emits quarts of saliva from his horn, fills balloons with it . . . the New York poet who's forsworn the use of articles, who speaks only in hiccups . . . Andrew's no stranger to the stage himself—I first saw him perform at an art event in a junkyard—he was playing guitar with an airplane propeller. Then in New York—Tin Pan Alley, right before it closed—Andrew finished it off, with his band Death On A Stick.

I have this image of him in his teens, ringing some girl's doorbell. He's holding a bouquet. The girl's mother comes to the door, looks him up and down. "Mary," she calls up the stairs. "Your— aesthete is here."

Andrew Klimeyk's not just another guy with a good voice and guitar chops. He's a testament to the do-it-yourself spirit. Actually, I'm trying very hard to avoid saying here . . .

He can't sing! There: it's out now! Shocking! Are you satisfied?! And his playing—Okay, it's rough! I'm sorry! Has its rough edges, let's admit it.

He calls his new band Ugly Beauty. The "Beauty" part survives the "Ugly" part because he sings about how he feels. His songs are like letters, or journal entries, set to music. For all the uncompromising artistic stance bands like X-X and Red Dark Sweet and the various temporary configurations Andrew's formed over the years, for all the obscurantist mystique he's gathered around him, what he really does, at heart, is reveal himself. Plenty of other folks have given up and faded back into Cleveland legend while he's continued to do so.

He sure done better by the Velvets' legacy than Lou Reed has—taken it more to heart and treated it with less cynicism. I mention the Velvets because Andrew's recent songs have the same innocence and brittley-defined soulful-ness. Talking about the Velvets in a recent letter, he wrote " . . . Some of the tenderest & truest songs ever. These songs are the hymn of my religion, whatever it is. I can scarcely imagine the world without 'Pale Blue Eyes', for example, though sometimes I can think of it without automobiles or airplanes . . ." He's got a direct line to the emotional purity of those songs. And a better sense of humor. He looks around, he sees what he sees, and does what he does.

The same sensibility applies to his writing. Wanna write about Paris? Great! Never been there? Even better! Wanna translate Baudelaire? Good luck. You say you don't read French? Perfect! His Flowers of Mel is playful and surprising and witty from the word go. His Paris and Chicago booklets are as offhand and focused as precious sketch-books which no one was supposed to see. It's sleight-of-hand: magic posing as realism. Hard to define: like describing light, or space. What he does exists between the lines as much as in them.

For me, the most affecting practitioners are the ones who don't need to pin everything down, who leave some room. They pin down the smaller observations, they catch the glint of small details, but refuse to pin down the larger thought . . . leave it steaming off the particulars. . . Last December I was drawing up some New Year's resolutions: a list of people whose work I admire—goals to shoot for in my own work. I had a roster of people as divers as Rilke, Celine, Godard, and Nick Drake. There was a moment of hesitation in the handwriting . . . a blank space. I'd written Andrew's name. It fit perfectly there.

In fact, while I'm at it—I'll go one step further! I think that Andrew Klimeyk—it's too late to stop now!—I'd like to propose that Andrew—now get this—Andrew should be carved in stone! Mount Rushmore! Immortalized! That's my advice! His head should be added to Mount Rushmore! Why not? Fair is fair! Think it over. Can you see it? I can see it! Let this serve as my nomination!

Michael DeCapite
San Francisco, 1995

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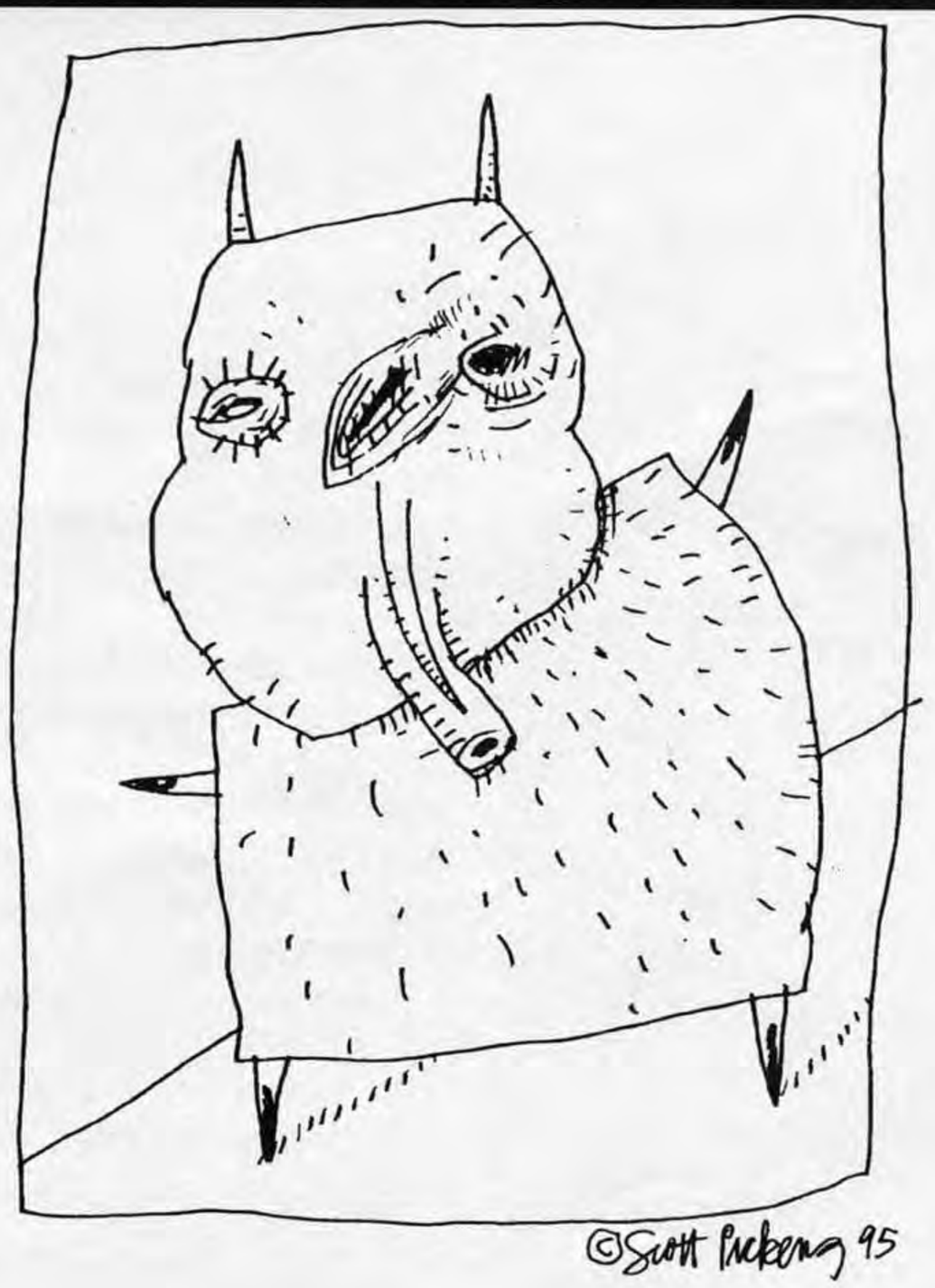

LITERATURE

by
John D. Morton

Fuck, fuck, X yelled in his mind. He couldn't yell out loud, as he was underwater. X was dying, though not as a consequence of his current dilemma. X was pinned to the floor of the Pacific Ocean in 7 feet of water, 30 yards from shore, at beautiful Puerto Escondido, Mexico.

X was angry but not panicky. Survival is the name of the game. X was in his metier; conquering death. This was a hobby somewhat, as X was a devout nihilist. In his unoxygenated world, X's ongoing hallucinations vanished. Kind of pleasant.

Zepotonengo Beach in Escondido is a barrel similar to Waimea. Extremely powerful. It wasn't a huge day, just big—fifteen foot from trough to peak. X was not a great surfer. Sixty seconds ago, X paddled like mad and took off on the peak, made the drop, but pearled at the bottom. He did the washing machine all the way through the spin cycle and was now pinned under a couple hundred pounds of pressure. His 7'4" tri-fin was at the end of the leash still trying to surf without a rider. "Boards are like horses," X thought. "No loyalty."

It was thirty seconds since X had got his last gulp of air. His black X X large T-shirt had been torn off in the washing machine. The wave finally passed, and X swam to the surface and hit foam. Problematic. You can't swim above foam, and you can't breathe it. The next wave broke and X was pinned again. X calculated how long since his last breath (50 secs actually). He calculated how long till he might again partake of oxygen and if he would be conscious. Another twenty seconds, thirty tops.

The action of the waves pushes you towards shore and shallower water. You simply did not panic; you'd end up in a useless energy-burning fight against nature. X didn't panic in a life/death situation. He did, however, panic in life's normal little situations, like ordering lunch at a restaurant.

X was released.

He stood up and grabbed a breath and a half and was pinned again, but this crisis was over. Eventually, X made his way up to the beach and recouped.

X was paranoid, big-time. He was constantly hallucinating due to his prior drug use and Post-Traumatic Stress. He was a solipsist. He thought his real life was a dream, and dreams were "dream" dreams. His pragmatism and nihilism were what allowed him to function in his paranoid, depersonalized world. "What erroneously appears to be pleasurable does in this dream feel pleasurable." So X would relax and enjoy his faux-pleasures in his waking dreams. Why not? It was like method-acting. X became the man who was in a dream state. All the world's a stage, and we are but actors in the play. It was (as solipsism and nihilism are) absolutely irrefutable.

X relaxed on the beach and looked at the surf. At Waimea and the whole North Shore of Oahu, there are signs at every beach: "WARNING!! STRONG CURRENT, BAD UNDERTOW, BAD RIPTIDE. DANGEROUS BEACH BREAK. UNSAFE SWIMMING CONDITIONS FROM NOV. TO APRIL." But this was Mexico, and Mexico is a Third World Country. X spotted the Caudwell family, sans Dad (he must have been out driving in their rented Land Rover, leisurely dangling his arm out the window, wrist girded with a Rolex.) Mrs. Caudwell, her three-year-old twin girls and three evil white little curs, yipping at the surf. The dogs names were Abigail, Mitzi and Frieda. X couldn't help but know, because Mrs. C. was always babbling nurturingly to the twins. "Oh girls, I think Abigail would like to go back to the hotel and eat. What do you think? Should we take Abigail back to the hotel for some food?"

"Disgusting," X said to himself. "Children should be dead and not heard." He thought maybe the Caudwells were present in Escondido just to persecute him. Maybe they were CIA, but he couldn't prove anything. X had a thought. Suddenly a maverick wave broke close to shore where the Caudwells and curs were wading and sucked the whole family out into the undertow. "Jeeze, I guess they were where I was. ¿Wonder how long they can hold their breath?"

People screamed and pointed, but no one ventured out. Some people started paddling in to lend some assistance. X thought maybe it would be better if Mme. Caudwell survived, then she could personally break the news to her husband and they could mourn together for years. Of course, Mme. Caudwell popped up and screamed, "My babies!" The rescuing surfers pulled her out of the impact zone. It really had worked out quite satisfactorily, X thought.

X glanced up at the mountains that rose up out of the landscape about 3 Ks past the coast highway. "Really green," X thought. "The color of alpha waves." Oaxaca was up there. X would be there in a couple of days on his way back to NYC, his wife, and his cat, with enough heroin to keep him going for a year. X had a rendezvous that night in a little park about 3 Ks up the coast highway with Jerry, an American surf bum and small-time drug dealer. Jerry had moved to Escondido about six years ago and sold mostly marijuana to American and Australian tourists who were wisely afraid of buying from the locals. This horse deal was a bit of a stretch for Jerry. Twenty thousand for almost a key. X liked Mexican junk because it was not mob-connected. Mob horse still came through France.

On his way back to the campground, X stopped at the Hotel Santa Fe for lunch. He ordered the octopus (hand beaten on the rocks to a state of sublime tenderness). X tried to read the paperback classic he had brought. He couldn't concentrate and kept stumbling over the first sentence, "Call me Pip." The restaurant was abuzz with the Cauldwell tragedy. X smiled and poured additional hot sauce onto his tentacled dish.

X awoke at 19.10 hours. Time to get started for his rendezvous. X ambled along with the highway on his left and the ocean on his right. He was approaching the Mexican Army encampment. Just a gravel road and a sentry box. X thought Mexican Army was an oxymoron. X heard a noise by the side of the road in the bushes. ¿ It was a meow? ¿ Maybe? It was too faint to be heard by the sentry. X went to the bush whence the sound emanated.

It was a cat, but an astonishing-looking cat. It just lay there mewing. It had a very long neck and a body like a human fetus, gray and translucent. X picked it up and cuddled it. " ¿ Don't you want me?" the cat asked. "Yes, but I can't," replied X. X lowered the cat down to its lair and proceeded. He was thinking about the cat and crying because he did not know how to care for it. X trudged on past the sentry who looked at him quizzically, if a Mex can actually look quizzical. X was six-one, huge-boned, some fat, a lot of muscle. He had shoulder-length blond hair and his arms were covered in tattoos. Not regular tattoos, but colored lines, faces, spiders, houses, letters and so on. Here was this two-hundred-and-sixty-pound weirdo walking along crying at quarter to eight in the Mexican moonlight. Yes, it was a stretch for the Mexican sentry to look quizzical, but it was the only reaction he could draw up faced with the sight of X's persona.

When X arrived at the little roadside park, Jerry was already seated at a picnic table about one hundred feet from the roadside. X scanned the park, about fifty feet behind Jerry towards the ocean was a toolshed, two garbage barrels and some scrub bushes. The toolshed sported a mercury vapor lamp that was malfunctioning, due to a faulty photo-electric cell. It was on 2 minutes, off 2 minutes, 45 seconds of pre-light buzzing around, then repeat. Over and over.

X felt that his mind was emanating some sort of electric field that was causing the light to malfunction. Beyond the shed was the beach, the ocean, a cove and some large rock out-croppings. X couldn't see the ocean, but he could hear it. It was still big, but closing out. Some bats were pinging around the mercury-vapor light. X walked over to the bench where Jerry was seated. He had an acne-scarred face, a pinched nose . . . he had long blond hair, longer than X's, pulled back in a ponytail. He was scrawny, bare-chested, and wore a pair of pink jams and blue Teva sandals. The mercury vapor was in the off part of the cycle, but the full Mexican moon lit up the scene. On the table next to Jerry was a red and black nylon sport bag. X's wife had one just like it, to carry her tapes and Walkman. X assumed it contained his drug of choice. Jerry was listening to a tape, blasting out of earphones that leaked. X recognized "7 and 7 Is" from the "Point Break" soundtrack tape that X had dubbed for Jerry. Jerry looked up. "Hey Nigger!" he said by way of greeting. "I ain't a Nigger, I'm a Haole like you," X stated correctly. Jerry was smoking a reefer which he offered X. X declined. It made him paranoid, or paranoider rather. Junk was the only drug X did. Three days on the nod, five, six, seven days clean. You needed extreme self-discipline to become an old junkie. X had been a full-time junkie from the age of 27 to 30, then he quit, cold turkey. With his heroin addiction gone, X went on a 10 year love affair with alcohol. Alcohol was insidious. Legal, but for X and the majority of ex-junkies that tried it, equally addicting. After two years of having six beers for breakfast every morning, X quit. X had a sober year, then with careful planning, resumed his jones trek.

X and Jerry chatted while they waited for the car, whose headlights they were watching, to pass the park and continue its northward course. It didn't. The car had stopped on the side of the road and was beaming a hood-mounted search light at X and Jerry. Cops. Mex cops. "*Buenos Noches, senors.*" It was the driver's side cop. X replied, "*Dos loco Gringos with mescal y cerveza. Cerveza pour vous?*" "That's French," said Jerry. "I know," said X.

The cops laughed. "*No, gracias, dos loco Gringos. Adios.*" The last thing Jerry said was "*Adios.*" The cops were satisfied: if they suspected a drug deal, they knew they would get taken care of later on. X and Jerry watched the taillights fade out.

Bat pinging noise . . . Public Image over the headphones . . . mercury vapor in off stage.

"Very auspicious," thought X.

BLAMMO!! That's the sound the gun made in X's mind as it discharged into Jerry's belly. X had shot him under the picnic table. BLAMMO!! BLAMMO!! X had fired twice more into the scrub bushes by the trash barrels. Jerry gurgled, then was still.

"You Fuck!! You shot me." It was Angeline's voice from the bushes. Angeline had 'til about 15 seconds earlier, been Jerry's girlfriend.

X got up and walked over to the bushes. Angeline was on the knees, trying to stop the blood from surging out of her shoulder with the left hand. A rifle with a night-scope lay on the ground beside her. " ¿What got her? ¿Bullet #1 or bullet #2?" X wondered. When in Mexico, or any other Spanish speaking country, X would frame his thoughts starting with an inverted question mark. Angie's eyes showed white all around. She was furious. She started to call X a fuck for the second time, but only got as far as opening her mouth when X shot her through the head. Dead before she hit the ground.

With the roar of the ocean, X was sure the policia had not heard the shots. X thought this was the first time he had killed anyone, but it wasn't. X had killed a 17 year old V.C. during his rare participation in a fire fight during Mini-Tet 69. X had held his M16 over his head and emptied his clip in the direction of the enemy. X was ignorant of the fact that one of his bullets had killed a gook.

X had planned for a straight deal with Jerry. Jerry had watched too many movies.

X had heard the night scope on Angeline's rifle. That's what he thought. What actually tipped X off is that the infra-red of the night-scope was fucking-up the bat's flying mechanism. They just weren't flying right. Regardless of the reality, the end of this scene was taking place in X's play, the actors Jerry and Angeline were dead, and that's what counted. Survival is the name of the game.

X walked back to Jerry and fired another shot through his head to make sure. X grabbed the dope and Jerry's Walkman and put them in his wet-suit bag with the money. X dragged Jerry down to the beach and launched him. The undertow sucked the body out. Jerry and Angeline's bodies would probably ride the currents north and end up in the harbor at San Angel, about 70 Ks up the coast. The irony of San Angel and Angeline was not lost on X. He went back to the bushes and dragged Angeline to the beach. He stripped her. She was beautiful. Sexy. X considered fucking her, maybe up the ass, but he didn't have a condom with him. Never can tell what you might pick up down there. He thought it inadvisable to jack off, as the police might head back this way shortly on the southerly segment of their patrol.

"Always time for a picture," X said. "Cheese!" Flash. X took Angie's picture with a one-time use underwater camera that he had bought to get some surfing shots. He launched Angie. X picked up the rifle and dropped it and his pistol into the cove.

What was killing X was Lyme's Disease. He had gotten bit by a deer tick in Long Island, New York six months earlier while vacationing with his wife. Because of his background, the quacks would misdiagnose and treat him for AIDS.

X walked back to the campgrounds and his tent. He ran a test on the heroin: it was in fact heroin. X would sell three-quarters of it to Patrick, a French junkie/dealer on the Lower East Side. The remaining was X's maintenance supply, enough for a year. X fixed a very diluted shot and fired up half of it. It was good. X fired the other half into the air. X wouldn't fix up another shot, but with his judgment impaired he might fire up the remaining half load . . . (that's why he got rid of it).

X's hallucinations stopped. The curtain was coming down, end of act one, intermission. X threw up and went to sleep for the first time in a week, had real dreams. Oh happy junkie. Oh happy, happy junkie. ¿Wouldn't it be nice if everyday could be Christmas Day?

Long Walk Off A Short Pier
The Story of Pere Ubu

In Cleveland, in the summer of 1975, all the bands were breaking up. The creative land rush of the years 1972-74 was played out. A generational window was passing over a mini sub-culture naively dedicated to the odd proposition that Rock Music was a serious art form; that no longer a donkey for Teen Angst, Fashion, Youth Rebellion or counter-Culture dogma, Rock Music was leaving its adolescence behind, at the door of Young Manhood, on the threshold of Full Maturity.

David Thomas had a group called Rocket From The Tombs. When it fell apart in the summer of 1975 he decided to record an artifact. This artifact, he hoped, would gain him entry into the Brotherhood of the Unknown that was gathering in Salvation Army used record bins everywhere. He thought **PERE UBU** was a good name. Peter Laughner was a guitarist in RFTT and wanted in. The group's soundman, Tim Wright, agreed to learn bass and bought a used Dan Electro 6-string. Scott Krauss was the drummer in cool groups and available. He and Peter lived at an apartment house called The Plaza, an urban pioneer outpost partly owned by Allen Ravenstine who experimented with sound and had a reputation for unique activity.

Also living at The Plaza was a steel worker named Tom Herman. He had a Morley Power Wah pedal and liked to play guitar all night at a house over on Payne. It seemed like all these people belonged together. (From the start the Ubu methodology was clearly definable. 'Don't ever audition.' 'Don't look for someone.' 'Don't seek success.' 'Choose the first person you hear about.' 'Take the first idea you get.' 'Put some unique people together. Unique people will play uniquely whether or not they know how to play.' 'Delay Centrifugal Destruct Factors for as long as possible then push the button.' These are the Ubu rules.) In September Pere Ubu recorded "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" backed with "Heart of Darkness" (Hearpan Records HR101).

Pleased and intrigued by the promise of unique experience the Ubus extended the project. David booked a debut concert for New Year's Eve at a college bar downtown called the Viking Saloon. Allen backed out. He was replaced by Dave Taylor, a clerk at a cool record store who owned the same kind of EML synthesizer. This was a remarkable coincidence seeing as how the EML was, even then, a rare analog machine produced for use in schools and manufactured for only a brief period by a Connecticut company before switching over to providing parts to the far more lucrative military satellite market. Ubu put together a show filled out with Velvets, Stooges and garage rock covers. It went okay. The project was extended again.

Early in 1976 the band recorded "Final Solution" b/w "Cloud 149" (Hearpen HR102) and played shows at Max's Kansas City in New York. A series of concerts on a co-bill with Tin Huey in the basement of Cleveland's mainstream rock club was a better idea. Tin Huey, an Akron group, was at its peak and an impressive musical force. Meanwhile, Peter pursued a course of self-destruction. Tim and David wanted him to leave. Peter, also frustrated, wanted to leave. In June he left. A reshuffling summer happened. Allen wanted back in. He had dibs on the job. Ubu wooed Alan Greenblatt, a brilliant player who declined the invitation to leave a working blues band for a very dodgy future with Ubu, but did play on an early version of "Modern Dance", "Untitled."

Tim left at the end of the summer in the wake of a Two-Guitarists-Or-Not-To-Be-Two-Guitarists controversy. He moved to NYC and joined DNA. Tony Maimone lived at The Plaza and was learning bass. It seemed obvious. He played on the "Street Waves" 45, and the reshuffling stopped.

Cleveland spreads out and away from the flats of the Cuyahoga River where it empties into Lake Erie. Ancient heavy industries, the steel mills, petroleum and chemical works of the Rust Belt, are hunkered down along the crazy snaking river banks just waiting for the good days to return. The good days won't. At the mouth of the river, along Old River Road, is John D. Rockefeller's first warehouse, birthplace of a world empire.

Said warehouse got to the year 1976 as a dark and forgotten bar called The Pirate's Cove, a haunt for sailors from off the lake freighters that dumped ballast in great stoney heaps just across the street. The owner, Jim Dowd, with nothing to lose, gave Ubu Tuesday nights. A mob of 35 customers on the first night earned Ubu a promotion to Thursdays. Ubu played nearly every week for a year sharing the stage with local and touring groups in the early days

PERE UBU V1.0
Aug - Oct '75. Recorded *30 Seconds Over Tokyo / Heart of Darkness* (Hearpan Records 101)

DAVID THOMAS, vocals · PETER LAUGHNER, guitar, bass · TOM HERMAN, guitar, bass · TIM WRIGHT, guitar, bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · A LLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synthesizer

PERE UBU V1.1
Nov '75 - May '76. Recorded *Final Solution* b/w *Cloud 149*. Also *390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo.*

PETER LAUGHNER, guitar · DAVID THOMAS, vocals · TOM HERMAN, guitar/bass · TIM WRIGHT, guitar/bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · DAVE TAYLOR, EML synthesizer

FRICTION

PERE UBU V2.0
June '76. Recorded "Untitled" for Max's Kansas City (Ram Records.) This band never performed live.

ALAN GREENBLATT, guitar · DAVID THOMAS, vocals · TOM HERMAN, guitar/bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synthesizer · TIM WRIGHT, guitar

DNA

PERE UBU V3.0
July '76 - Nov '77. Played in the Flats weekly and toured Europe. Released *Street Waves* and *Heaven* singles & *The Modern Dance* album.

DAVID THOMAS, vocals, musette drums · TOM HERMAN, guitar · TONY MAIMONE, bass · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synth, sax · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums

PERE UBU V3.1
Dec '77 - Jan '78. Temporary configuration. No recordings or performances. Dedication to Anton on the *Datapanik* EP is in appreciation for his assistance.

ANTON FIER, drums · DAVID THOMAS, vocals, musette · TOM HERMAN, guitar · TONY MAIMONE, bass · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synth, sax

The Feelies

PERE UBU V3.2
Jan '78 - Sep '79. Albums: *Dub Housing, New Picnic Time.* Single: *The Book Is On The Table.*

DAVID THOMAS, vocals · TONY MAIMONE, bass · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synth, sax · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · TOM HERMAN, guitar

Tripod Jimmy

PERE UBU V4.0
Dec '79 - Jun '81. Album: *The Art Of Walking* Single: *Not Happy/ Lonesome Cowboy Dave*

DAVID THOMAS, vocals · MAYO THOMPSON, guitar · TONY MAIMONE, bass, piano · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synth · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums

PERE UBU V4.1
Jun '81 - Feb '82
Album: *Song Of The Bailing Man*

ANTON FIER, drums, marimba · DAVID THOMAS, vocals · TONY MAIMONE, bass · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synth, sax · MAYO THOMPSON, guitar

Golden Palominos

PERE UBU V5.0
Oct '87 - Dec '89.
Albums: *Cloudland, Tenement Year.*

DAVID THOMAS, vocals · JIM JONES, guitar · TONY MAIMONE, bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · CHRIS CUTLER, drums · ALLEN RAVENSTINE, EML synth

PERE UBU V5.1
Jan - Feb 1990. Feldman recruited from Captain Beefheart.

DAVID THOMAS, vocals · JIM JONES, guitar · TONY MAIMONE, bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · ERIC DREW FELDMAN, keyboards · CHRIS CUTLER, drums

PERE UBU V5.2
Mar '90 - Mar '92.
Album: *Worlds In Collision*

DAVID THOMAS, vocals, melodeon · JIM JONES, guitar · TONY MAIMONE, bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · ERIC DREW FELDMAN, keyboards

Frank Black

PERE UBU V6.0
Apr '92 - Apr '93.
Album: *Story Of My Life*

DAVID THOMAS, vocals, melodeon · JIM JONES, guitar, kybds · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · TONY MAIMONE, bass

They Might Be Giants

PERE UBU V7.0
Apr '93 - Jun '94. Recordings: *Songs From The Lost Album* (appear on *Ray Gun Suitcase*)

DAVID THOMAS, vocals, melodeon · JIM JONES, guitar · MICHELE TEMPLE, bass · SCOTT KRAUSS, drums · GARO YELLIN, winged eel fingerboard

PERE UBU V7.1
Jul '94.
Album: *Ray Gun Suitcase*

DAVID THOMAS, vocals, melodeon · JIM JONES, guitar · MICHELE TEMPLE, bass · ROBERT WHEELER, EML synth theremin · SCOTT BENEDICT, drums

DISCOGRAPHY

SINGLES

Dec 1975 30 Seconds Over Tokyo / Heart of Darkness (First 1000 copies w/ printed sleeve) **7" Hearpen HR101**

Mar 1976 Final Solution / Cloud 149 (First 600 copies with printed sleeve) ..... **7" Hearpen HR102**

Nov 1976 Street Waves / My Dark Ages ..... **7" Hearpen HR103**

Aug 1977 The Modern Dance / Heaven (1000 copies) ..... **7" Hearpen HR104**

Oct 1979 Fabulous Sequel / Humor Me & The Book Is On The Table ..... **7" Chrysalis CHS 2372**

Jul 1980 Datapanik In The Year Zero/A: Final Solution / My Dark Ages ..... **7" Rough Trade RT049**

Feb 1981 Not Happy / Lonesome Cowboy Dave ..... **7" Rough Trade RT066 (UK) RTUS004 (US)**

Mar 1981 CLE 3B: compilation includes Pushin' Too Hard (live May '76 at the Mistake) free in *CLE Maga zine* ..... 2000 copies **flexi-disc CLE #3B**

1981 C81: compilation includes Misery Goats (live July '80 at the Mistake) cassette free with *NME* ..... **Rough Trade Rough Copy 001**

1988 Non-alignment Pact (Limited to 500 copies.) ..... **one-sided promo 12" Fontana Ohio 001 (UK)**

Jul 1988 We Have The Technology / The B Side & We Have The Technology ..... **7" Fontana (UBU 1) 870 407-7(UK)**

Jul 1988 We Have The Technology /The Postman Drove A Caddy, We Have The Technology, The B Side ..... **12" Fontana (UBU 112) 870 407-1 (UK)**
also CD Fontana (UBUCD1) 1 870407-2 (UK)
MC Restless Records 7 72340-4 (US)

Mar 1989 Waiting For Mary / Wine Dark Sparks ..... **7" Fontana (UBU 2) 872 938-7 (UK)**

Mar 1989 Waiting For Mary /Wine Dark Sparks, Flat ..... **12" Fontana (UBU 212) 872 939-1 (UK)**
also CD Fontana (UBUCD2) 872 939-2 (UK)

1989 Waiting For Mary (radio edit) / Waiting For Mary (lp version) ..... **promo 7" Fontana UBUDJ2 (UK)**

Jul 1989 Love Love Love / Fedora Satellite ..... **7" Fontana (UBU 3) 874 468-7 (UK)**

Jul 1989 Love Love Love / Fedora Satellite, Say Goodbye ..... **CD Fontana (UBUCD 3) 874 469 2 (UK)**

Jul 1989 Love Love Love (Cajun House Mix) / Love Love Love (132 BPM), Love Love Love ..... **12" Fontana (UBU 312) 874 469-1(UK)**
also on CD Fontana (UBUCD 33) 874 533-2

Nov 1989 Breath / Bang The Drum ..... **7" Fontana (UBU 4) 874 984-7 (UK)**

Nov 1989 Breath (3:42) /Bang The Drum (3:53), Over My Head (5:27), Universal Vibration (2:47) ..... **12" Fontana (UBU 412) 874 985-1 (UK)**
also promotional 12" Fontana UBUDJ 412 (UK)

1989 Love Love Love (Cajun House Mix) / Love Love Love (Deep South Mix) ..... **promo 12" Fontana LLLMX 1(UK)**

1989 Love Love Love (132 BPM) / Love Love Love (lp version) **promo 12" Fontana LLLMX 2 (UK)**

1989 Breath (radio edit) / Breath (lp version) ..... **promo 12" Fontana DJF 345 (UK)**

Mar 1991 I Hear They Smoke The BBQ / Invisible Man ..... **7" Fontana (UBU 5) 878 720-7 (UK)**

Mar 1991 I Hear They Smoke The BBQ / Invisible Man, Around The Fire **12" Fontana (UBU 512) 878 720-1(UK)**
also released as CD Fontana UBUCD 5 (878 720-2)

1991 I Hear They Smoke The BBQ / Invisible Man (Released under name *The Modern Solution.*) ..... **promo 7" Fontana MSDJ2 (UK)**

May 1991 Oh Catherine / Like A Rolling Stone ..... **7" Fontana (UBU 6) 868 244-7 (UK)**

May 1991 Oh Catherine /Like A Rolling Stone, Down By The River ..... **12" Fontana (UBU 612) 868 245-1 (UK)**
also as CD Fontana UBUCD 6 (868 245-2) (UK)

Apr 1993 Sleepwalk (radio edit) / Sleepwalk ..... **promo CD Imago IM28045-2-DJ (US)**

Aug 1993 Kathleen (radio edit) / Kathleen (lp verison), David Thomas/Frank Black Interview ..... **promo CD Imago IM28058-2-DJ (US)**

Sep 1995 CLE 3X: Big! Wave compilation includes Heart Of Dark ness (live June '77 at Pirates Cove) **CLECD1**

ALBUMS

1977 Max's Kansas City, Vol 1 **LP Ram Records 1213 (US)**
v/a compilation includes Final Solution
also released on CBS Records (UK) 1978.

Feb 1977 The Modern Dance ..... **LP Blank Records 001 (US)**
Non-Alignment Pact / Modern Dance / Street Waves / Laughing / Chinese Radiation / Life Stinks / Real World / Over My Head / Sentimental Journey / Humor Me
also on Phonogram 9100 052 (UK) April 1978, Mercury 6338 874 (Int'l) April 1978, Rough Trade Rough 22 (UK), Rough US 7 (USA) March 1981. Fontana LP SFLP3/CD SFCD3/MC SFMC3 (UK) 1987.

Apr 1978 Datapanik In The Year Zero ..... **12" Radar RDR1**
Heart of Darkness (shortened ending) / 30 Seconds Over Tokyo / Cloud 149 / Untitled / Heaven

Nov 1978 Dub Housing ..... **Chrysalis CHR 1207**
Navvy / On The Surface / Dub Housing / Caligari's Mirror/ Thriller! / I, Will Wait / Drinking Wine Spodyody / Ubu Dance Party/ Blow Daddy-o / Codex
also on Chrysalis CHR1207 (US) April 1979, Rough Trade LP Rough Benelux RB1 (Holland) 1985, Rough CD 6002 (UK) 1989, CD Rough US 14 (US) 1989.

1979 U-Men Live At Interstate Mall/Xmas Concert At Club Wow LP **bootleg Tri-City Records**
also as Don't Expect Art on Impossible Recordworks

Jan 1979 Soldier Talk - The Red Krayola
Radar Records RAD18 (UK)
All members of the Dub Housing Ubu appear.

Sep 1979 New Picnic Time ..... **Chrysalis CHR 1248 (UK)**
The Fabulous Sequel (Have Shoes Will Walk) / 49 Guitars & One Girl / A Small Dark Cloud / Small Was Fast / All the Dogs Are Barking / One Less Worry / Make Hay / Goodbye / The Voice Of The Sand / Kingdom Come. also as Rough Trade Rough Benelux RB2 (Holland)1985, Rough CD 6003 (UK) 1989, Rough CD US 20 (US) 1989.

Jun 1980 The Art Of Walking ..... **Rough Trade Rough 14 (UK)**
Go / Rhapsody In Pink / Arabia / Young Miles In The Basement / Misery Goats / Loop / Rounder / Birdies / Lost In Art / Horses / Crush This Horn.
also as LP Rough US 4 (US) 1980, Rough CD 14 (UK) 1989, CD Rough US 4 (US) 1989, and LP/MC Rough Trade/Barclay BA-442 (France).
Note: AOW was released in 2 versions. The original featured an instrumental "Arabia" & a longer "Miles." Last minute panic led to an ill-conceived vocal overdub on "Arabia."

Sep 1981 390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo, Ubu Live Vol. One **Rough Trade Rough 23 (UK)**
Non-alignment Pact / Street Waves / Real World / My Dark Ages / Modern Dance / Humor Me / Heart of Darkness / Laughing / Can't Believe It / Over My Head / Sentimental Journey / 30 Seconds Over Tokyo
also as LP Rough US 10 (US) September 1981, CD Rough CD 23 (UK), 1989, Rough US 10 (US) 1989.

1981 URGH, A Music War ..... **LP A&M SP6019 (US)**
soudtrack compilation includes Birdies (recorded live 8/16/80 at Santa Monica Civic Aud.)

Jun 1982 Song Of The Bailing Man ..... **Rough Trade Rough 33 (UK)**
The Long Walk Home / Use Of A Dog / Petrified / Stormy Weather / West Side Story / Thoughts That Go By Steam / Big Ed's Used Farms / A Day Such As This / The Vulgar Boatman Bird / My Hat / Horns Are A Dilemma.
also as LP Rough US 21 (US) June 1982, Rough CD 33 (UK) 1989, CD Rough US 21 (US) 1989.

Aug 1985 Terminal Tower ..... **Rough Trade Rough 83 (UK)**
Heart of Darkness / 30 Seconds Over Tokyo / Final Solution / Cloud 149 / Untitled / My Dark Ages / Heaven / Humor Me / The Book Is On The Table / Not Happy / Lonesome Cowboy Dave
also as Twin Tone LP TTR8561 (US) CD TTRCD8561 (US) 1985.

Mar 1988 The Tenement Year .....**Fontana SFLP5 (854 537)**
Something's Gotta Give / George Had A Hat / Talk To Me / Busman's Honeymoon / Say Goodbye / Universal Vibration / Miss You / Dream The Moon / Rhythm King / The Hollow Earth / We Have The Technology
also as CD Fontana SFCD5 MC Fontana SFMC5 (854 537) March 1988(UK), LP/CD/MC Enigma 73343 (US & Canada) June 1988.

1989 One Man Drives While The Other Man Screams: Ubu Live, Vol. Two **Rough Trade Rough CD 93 (UK)**
Navvy / Street Waves / Heaven / On The Surface / Dub Housing / Caligari's Mirror / Small Was Fast / Misery Goats / Go / Ubu Dance Party / Birdies / Rhapsody In Pink / Codex
also as CD Rough US 61 (US).

May 1989 Cloudland .....**LP/CD/MC Fontana 838 237**
Breath / Race The Sun / Cry / Why Go It Alone? / Waiting For Mary / Ice Cream Truck / Monday Night / Love Love Love / Lost Nation Road / Fire / Nevada! / The Wire / Flat / The Waltz / Pushin'/Bus Called Happiness

Apr 1991 Worlds In Collision ..... **LP/CD/MC Fontana 848 564**
Oh Catherine / I Hear They Smoke The Barbecue / Turpentine! / Goodnight Irene / Mirror Man / Cry Cry Cry / Worlds In Collision / Life Of Riley / Over The Moon / Don't Look Back / Playback / Nobody Knows / Winter In The Firelands

Aug 1991 Mercury promotional release ..... **CD Mercury CDP 514 (US)**
Worlds In Collision (lp version) / Worlds In Collision*/ Goodnite Irene / I Hear They Smoke The BBQ / Over The Moon* / Final Solution / 30 Seconds Over Tokyo (*)- recorded at The Roxy, Los Angeles, 6/3/91; Others at Bogarts, Long Beach, 6/15/91.

1992 Live At The Knitting Factory Volume 5 **CD Knitting Factory Works KFWCD-108 (US)**
v/a compilation includes Heaven, recorded live Sep 21 1991 at the Knitting Factory.

1993 Sounds Of The Seventies: Punk And New Wave **Time-Life Music SOD-30 (US)**
Special tv promotions release, includes Modern Dance.

Jan 1993 Story Of My Life ..... **CD Fontana 514 159-2**
Wasted / Come Home / Louisiana Train Wreck / Fedora Satellite II / Heartbreak Garage / Postcard / Kathleen / Honey Moon / Sleep Walk / Story of My Life / Last Will & Testament
also as MC Fontana 514 159-4, CD Imago IM 72787-21024-2, April 1993 MC IM 72787-21024-4 (US).

Nov 1993 Passed Normal Vol. 6&7 ..... **CD FOT Records (US)**
v/a compilation includes Petrified, recorded live July 12 1991 at all acoustic show, at Shuba's in Chicago.

Aug 1995 Ray Gun Suitcase..... **CD/MC Tim/Kerr Records**
Folly Of Youth / Electricity / The Beach Boys / Turquois Fins / Vacuum In My Head / Memphis / Three Things / Here / Don't Worry / Ray Gun Suitcase / Surfer Girl / Red Sky / Montana / My Friend Is A Stooge For The Media Priests / Down By The River
also released by Cooking Vinyl (UK)

Datapanik In The Year Zero box set should be released in February of 1996. This set will include the first 5 studio albums plus the original DIYZ EP plus an hour of mostly unreleased live material from 1978 and 1982 plus 70-minutes of Ubu-related rarities. It is to be released by Geffen Records.

of the new wave; and, as the spring-summer of 1977 came to be special days, a season of unique ideas, John Thompson ('Johnny Dromette') promoted a remarkable series of concerts called Disastodromes. "We call it "disasto" so nothing can go wrong," Johnny promised.

For such a short time, the intake of a breath, it seemed that the new wave was on the verge of an evolutionary step, and every Thursday night between Ubu sets, to wander outside, drifting between ballast heaps in the painless summer air, to gaze up at the underside of the High Level Bridge, to watch ore boats push themselves upthe river, to listen to the sudden sonic fireworks shoot out of the alien Aeronautical Shot Peening Company with its angulated, pastel-painted, space cowboy facade— Big Mystery Sounds fired into the night air— to go out and to come back was to breathe deeply the sensual mystery air of the Never-To-Be-Repeated. These were intoxicating days spent adrift in the ancient ruins of the American midwest.

In those days the head of A&R at Mercury Records was Cliff Burnstein. He lived in Chicago and trolled indie record shops for cool stuff. He found the "Street Waves" 45. Then he searched out David and signed Ubu to a specially created label called Blank Records. Pere Ubu finished recording *The Modern Dance* released in February 1978. A brief tour of the US and then England and Europe coincided with the release of *Datapanik In The Year Zero*.

Ubu went home. Ubu rehearsed. Ubu learned five new songs— which seemed about right— went into the studio, made up five new songs— which seemed about right— and *Dub Housing* was done. The title had been inspired by the echo-like terraced housing of the streets of Baltimore. In November, Ubu returned to tour in the UK, supported by The Human League and the Soft Boys, and in Europe, supported by Nico and 60's Texas psychedelic legends, The Red Crayola. A London audience bought tickets for the "Magical Mystery Ubu Tour," boarded buses to an

destination and found themselves in Chislehurst Caves watching Ubu play on an improvised stage in a hole in the cavern's chalk walls.

1979 started out well with a concert at the conceptual birthplace of the avant-garage — the 1st International Garage Exhibition— but the end game was at hand. The working title for *New Picnic Time* had been *Goodbye*. Nothing was easy. Nothing fit into place. Nobody spoke the same language. Tom was frustrated by Ubu's course and left after a late summer tour with John Otway as opener that had ended in a vast beachside hall in San Diego playing for an audience of five. It felt bad. Weeks passed with the band in limbo. David and Allen met at the concert of a celebrated new wave group. "We were much better, " David said. "Mayo Thompson!" Allen said. A month later Ubu was rehearsing with the guitarist from The Red Crayola.

The Art Of Walking, recorded early in 1980, was hailed as a masterpiece by some (including Chris Cutler writing in the "New Musical Express") and dismissed by others as a disintegrating mess. (It is, nonetheless, still the best selling album in America of all the historical catalog.) Ironically, the tours during this period, including one with The Gang of Four, were pop-oriented and happy. A feature of the set was "reality dub," in which on-stage disaster was convincingly simulated each night to an extended Motown version of "Not Happy." The "two faces of Ubu," Art and Pop, had been resynthesized but Scott Krauss, frustrated and frustrating, left in 1981. He was replaced by Anton Fier for the second time.

Trouble was coming. Again. It being the usual story: musical differences turned into ugly personal squabbles and plagued the *Song Of The Bailing Man* sessions. A miserable winter's tour of the US finished the group off. Ubu had run its course. No attempt was made to revitalize the project. No one phoned. No one spoke. No one wanted to know. Months passed. Sometime in 1982 Ubu stopped. Solo projex happened. Scott and Tony had a band called Home & Garden with Jim Jones, a Cleveland underground legend, and Michele Temple. David recorded six albums with different lineups including two with Richard Thompson and in 1986 his band consisted of Tony, Allen, Chris Cutler, euro-progressive drummer, and Jim Jones.

Slowly, good vibes about the Ubu Experience were return ing. When David Thomas & The Wooden Birds came to Cleveland and Scott sat in as the second drummer, things began to happen. The decision to reform Pere Ubu came afterwards at a Wooden Birds band meeting in the large Dutch lobby of a small Dutch hotel in the smaller Dutch town of Ijmuiden. 'You guys sound just like Pere Ubu,' had been the universal reaction to the European tour. This provoked discussion, Should we be Ubu again? More to the point, Is THIS Ubu? But, also, what if we screw it up? The "Duck Principle" eventually carried the day; to wit, If it walks like a duck and looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, it's a duck. Allen pointed out, "It is OUR band."

At this critical stage Dave Bates happened. He was head of A&R at Phonogram Records in London and an Ubu fan. He signed the band to his beloved Fontana Records for which Ubu Redux immediately recorded a set of bookends albums: *The Tenement Year* in 1987 and *Cloudland* in 1988. Both albums featured the two drummers lineup inherited from the Wooden Birds and whereas the first was set on a rooftop island in the clattering surf of the tenement evening, the second was a tightly orchestrated lunge across the landscape, a road movie starting in Cloudland, Georgia, and ending broken jalopy-like on a California beach. Between the two sessions Allen Ravenstine said that he wanted to stop making music.

In 1989, The Ubu Dance Mixes happened. It was decided that singles should be viewed as sleazy marketing tools. The line was: The album is untouchable, but singles, as a marketing tool, lie in the domain of the record company--they can choose and should be given their head until such time as calamity occurs. Dave Bates was keen to break Ubu in the dance-diseased UK. Ubu agreed to allow this course and do not seek to avoid artistic responsibility for what followed -- a series of dance remixes of "Love Love Love."

David saw the bass player in Beefheart's last Magic Band playing synth with Snakefinger. Eric Drew Feldman got a call, listened to some Ubu lps and stepped into Allen's place. This Ubu, still with two drummers, recorded demos that appeared as UK B-sides but the scheduling of his many projects became impossible and Chris had to leave early in 1990. The subsequent studio sessions for *Worlds In Collision* were not a happy experience for reasons not alot to do with making music and its US release turned into a nightmare when relations with the head of Mercury Records blew apart.

In 1991, Fontana went so far as to release "I Hear They Smoke The Barbeque" under the name of The Modern Solution in an effort to fool UK djs into liking Ubu against their better judgement. It didn't work.

The "Kindness of Strangers" effort followed and included a US tour opening for The Pixies that was financed by the British label & fan donations.

Pere Ubu began the *Story Of My Life* project in April 1992 as a four piece. (Eric Feldman, recording with Frank Black, was unable to answer the Ubu call.) A year later, as rehearsals were beginning for the Imago Travelling Roadshow Tour, Tony left. He wanted to play with They Might Be Giants. He was replaced by Michele Temple from Scott's Home & Garden band. Garo Yellin, playing winged eel fingerboard, had already stepped into Eric's place from out of one of David's solo projex. After a summer tour with They Might

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ATTN: QUALITY CONTROL

Hey, CLEVELAND ROCKS!

I recently received a VINYL copy of the LP "The Roaring Third", recorded by Cleveland's best kept secret - PRISONSHAKE.

Let me first state, unequivocally, that this LP KICKS MAJOR ASS! Definitely one of the hardest drivinest rockinest tunes I've heard in quite some time.

I am, however, concerned about the actual recorded product, at least in the vinyl LP configuration. Upon listening to this recording, the phrase 'OVERSATURATION DISTORTION' immediately springs to mind. To insure objectivity, I had a few rock'n'roll associates listen, and the vote is unanimous: the sonic quality hinders an otherwise most righteous listening experience.

The enclosed cassette is a 1st Generation dub of the tape I used to record the vinyl record onto metal tape. Please give a listen and let me know what you think. If the problem has only manifested on vinyl, please advise if I can 'upgrade' to either cassette or CD configuration (I prefer vinyl but will settle for whichever sounds the best). Please don't tell me I'm really fucked now!

Thanks for your assistance with this minor hassle, and for chrissakes, kept it cranked.

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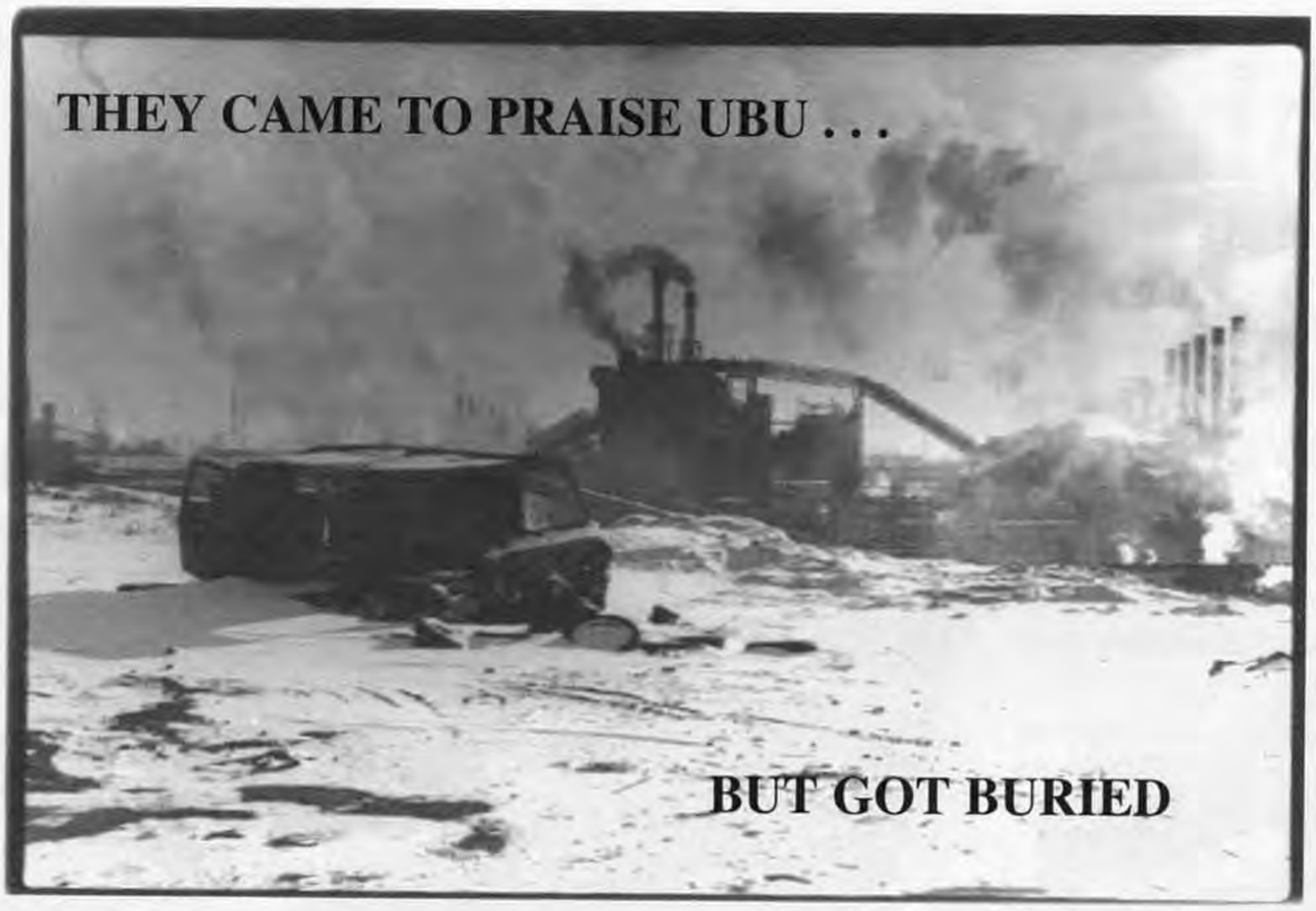
to leave each other alone. The new Ubu began recording its next album in January 1994, back at Suma under the working title *Songs From The Lost Album*. Joined by EML enthusiast Robert Wheeler, a protege of Allen Ravenstine who had played in Home & Garden, things fell into place. With assistance from Scott Benedict (from Michele's other band, The Vivians--he recorded the album and then quit music--no relation) the resulting album became *Ray Gun Suitcase*.

PERE UBU V7.1 - Michele Temple, Scott Benedict, Jim Jones David Thomas, Robert Wheeler. photo: Kevin Carmont

To mark the 20th anniversary of the recording of the "Tokyo" single, Tim/Kerr Records in US/Canada and Cooking Vinyl in ROW will release a box set of the four Ubu Hearpen singles in original sleeves. The sets will be limited to between one and two thousand boxes in the US and one thousand in the ROW. At approximately the same time Cooking Vinyl (and maybe Tim/Kerr) will release a CD+ of "Folly of Youth" (the single) plus 3 previously unreleased tracks. A CD+ plays as a music cd in normal audio players but can also play as a rom disk on cd-rom equipped computers. The computer material is in Windows and Mac formats and includes expanded versions of the Ubu hypertext programs plus miscellaneous quicktime movies, sounds and graphic files. A quicktime of the FOY video is included. The three previously unreleased tracks are: "Ball n Chain" (original jam version of RGS), "Memphis" (original demo recording), "Down By The River" (original demo recording.)

After twelve months of negotiations, the contract with Geffen Records has been signed for the *Datapanik In The Year Zero* box set. Likely release date is February 1996. It will contain the first 5 studio albums plus the original DIYZ EP plus 60-minutes of mostly unreleased live material plus 70-minutes of Ubu-related rarities.

The US tour will be short. The touring band is David Thomas (vocals), Tom Herman (guitar), Michele Temple (bass), Robert Wheeler (EML synthesizers) and Steve Mehlman (drums). A shorter tour of Europe will follow immediately.



Not to be confused with the working title of Ray Gun Suitcase, the Lost Album here refers to the great, lost Pere Ubu tribute — a compilation of all Ohio bands that we're not so sure will *ever* see the light of your cd player.

Rumors and limited information surround this project, but some facts are clear: Started in early 1993 by Chad Van Wagner of Columbus-based Datapanik Records, a fan of Cleveland music who thought it would be cool to have the present crop of Ohio bands pay homage with their interpretations of favorites from the Ubu repertoire.

Bands throughout the state were contacted, and the project met with an enthusiastic response.

"There was a lot of activity and people were running around getting their tapes together," remember Doug Gillard of Gem. "He (Chad) came to Cleveland and shot photos of the Flats for the cover."

"We even got Scott Krauss to play drums on Pufftube's version of 'I, Will Wait'" says Scott Pickering. "I just called him up. He was into it."

And Supie T. did a track called "God Bless Jimmy Jones," which was included—even though it's not an Ubu song.

Michele Temple played a number of these tracks when she guest-hosted Inner Sanctum in April '94. At the time, the expected release date was Summer 1994. At this writing, it is still unreleased.

So what happened?

CLE tried calling Van Wagner dozens of times, but he's not talking.

"I think it just got too big," says Temple. "I heard that over 40 bands had contributed, and it had been expanded to two cds."

"I think they ran into financial problems," says Gillard. "But, I've also heard that they're planning to release it when the Ubu box set comes out."

A person who prefers to remain unnamed told CLE that the project hit a snag when the Breeders pulled their rendition of "Navvy" because of comments between David Thomas and Frank Black which appear on a promotional interview cd (Imago IM28058-2-DJ). Thomas jokingly states in the interview that a lot of the problems with music would be solved if girls under a certain age were not allowed to buy records. Kim Deal supposedly heard this interview and refused to remain involved. Then, without the Breeders track, the distributor (Dutch East) pulled out. CLE talked to a few people at Dutch East, but couldn't find anyone who knew about the project.

John Thompson, now living in California and still doing Ubu graphics and videos, says he's interested in acquiring the release rights. "Not only so it will be released," he jokes, "but so I can do the cover."

When asked about the project, David Thomas says he vaguely remembers hearing about it, though Ubu weren't involved. When told that it looks unlikely that it will ever be released, his response: "Well, there you go."

CLE is happy to present Gem's "Blow Daddy-o" and the Vivians "Codex" in this issue, with the hope you'll be able to hear them ALL soon.

DELMAR MARBLE

Ubu tribute tracks:
Rainy Day Saints - "Heart Of Darkness"
Wax Tadpole - "Turpentine!"
G-Spot Tornados - "Come Home"
Val Seeley & The Creatures - "Heaven"
The Vivians - "Codex"
Pufftube - "I, Will Wait"
Gary Lupico - "We Have The Technology"
Gem - "Blow Daddy-o"
The Breeders - "Navvy"
Flaming Telepaths - "Non-alignment Pact"
Supie T. - "God Bless Jimmy Jones"

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others by:
Afghan Whigs
New Bomb Turks
Brainiac
Royal Crescent Mob
Scrawl

The Vivians-

The tail end of the 80s was fast and furious for the local underground. Bands like Knifedance, Starvation Army and The Spudmonsters were setting the standards with high-volume and intense shows. Venues like Pat's In The Flats, Peabody's Down Under, the Phantasy, and the Euclid Tavern promoted the acts. Eastside pals Diane Duncan and Michele Temple had been checking out shows and writing some intense songs of their own. Joined by a hard-driving rhythm section of drummer Scott Benedict and bassist Rae Martello, they christened themselves The Vivians and catapulted into the world of wild and aggressive, expressive avant-garde punk rock which continues today.

The Vivians always had their sights set beyond the city boundaries, and their connections enabled them to head out-of-town early on. Says guitarist Temple:

"When we started out, we were lucky to have the support of an established local band, Knifedance, who took us onto Hit n' Run Records and helped us get slots on good bills. Our styles meshed well and it really helped us get our foot in the door at good clubs in other cities. And that, in turn, led to gigs with other cool bands like Urge Overkill who took us on as their support act for a few tours, and put us in touch with their manager in Chicago, and ultimately with rock goddess Chrissy Hynde. These flashes of inspiration, along with a hard-on for creating music, have really kept us going when common sense tells us we're out of our minds."

For those of you among the uninitiated, CLE asked vocalist Diane Duncan to expound on the philosophy behind the Vivians' sound:

"Have you ever wondered why rock vocalists scream and mumble? It might be because music is better than words at expressing guts. And I'm not sure what my guts mean, but if I look back at what I have written and performed, I feel that I understand things a little. But that's passive and boring. Creating and performing is where it is. I don't understand music and I like that because it helps me to appreciate music and to write it from the heart. I am bothered by questions like "What are the lyrics?' What does it mean? It's like if I paint a picture of a face, everyone wants to know who it is and then judge its likeness. We have **to,** or should be, careful in life. But we can be free in our own way, according to our own feelings or rules, in music. Who said that 4/4 should rule? 13/4 is fun . . . As for looking forward in music, one way or another you won't have to carry your equipment anymore."

Vivians side projects include an at-present recording-only venture with Duncan, Temple, and longtime Pere Ubu drummer Scott Krauss. Michele has toured and recorded as the bassist with Pere Ubu over the last few years. Rae and current Vivians' drummer Steve Mehlman also form the rhythm section for Cleveland band the Heathers.

What is it with the Pere Ubu/Vivians connection?

Michele played in Home and Garden, an early, mid-eighties project of Ubuites Krauss, Tony Maimone, and Jim Jones. Jones produced the powerful full-length Vivians release, I Fear. When Maimone's bass slot opened up before Ubu's Story of My Life tour, Temple was a likely choice, having previously played with half of the band. When Krauss stepped away from the Ubu drumkit, Viv Benedict was called on by Michele for likely the same reasons she had been contacted. Now drummer Mehlman is sitting on the Ubu throne. But the melding of these two groups is not so unlikely. Both bands share a common interest in music as expression over entertainment, and each has been known to push the boundaries of the usual rock listener's threshold, preferring to present an honest, unique, recognizable—and inimitable—product.

Mad Daddy

It was 1959 in Cleveland, "once upon a time, in the land of Oobladi". Frantically preparing for his 8 p.m. show, the young wizard of Rock 'n' Roll radio cued tape recorders, positioned microphones, and flipped sound effects records onto turntables like cards from a deck. Through the soundproof studio window, "Mad Daddy's" bat-out-of-hell paced pantomime looked like 'fast forward' video. The silent frenzy grew 'till the studio light blinked 'on air'.

Suddenly, radios throughout northeastern Ohio (dubbed 'Oobladi') resounded with echoing, mad laughter. After a countdown to ground zero, "Fiver, four, three, two, one", listeners heard an explosion, then Mad Daddy's theme song, "Night Train." Finally, with perspiration starting to bead on his brow, an old 'birdcage' microphone over his shoulder, Pete 'Mad Daddy' Myers, Cleveland's famed bard of the airwaves, went into his number: four hours of outrageous acrobatics, torrents of kooky jargon, and off-beat 'wavy gravy' record sounds, peaking with a manic live show. Everything was done in off-the-cuff rhyme.

"Night Train" sunk into the distance, as Myers 'flap-lipped' a greeting to his Mad Minions: "Welcome, little stinkers, to the land of winky blinkers! We've boiled up wavy gravy and it's ready to flow, so hang loose, Mother Goose, here comes the show!"

Huddled by mom and dad's castoff Motorola in the rec room in Parma, in Corvettes in Lakewood, in Mentor and Geneva, on the beaches listening to new Japanese transistors, the kids all tuned in to hear the rhyming, black caped, mad Mad Daddy, the man who best personified the originality, insane humor, pure genius, and sometimes dangerous ambition of Cleveland radio in its golden decade, the fifties.

Daddy understood and felt their alienation, so the emotional bond with his "Mad Minions" was strong. Nightly, a children's crusade of "Throttle Jammers" (drag race rockers), "Mello Muffins" (female fans), "Ghoul Rockers" ('B' horror film aficionados), adolescent Rockabilly rebels, Stan Freberg types, and beatniks all descended on "Dracula Hall", WHK studios, waiting to be part of his live show. Unleashed on their black caped hero at midnight, flash bulbs went off, pens and autograph books were thrust in his greasepainted face, hands reached out to touch his cape. With a mad laugh, "the head shrinker's delight" savored sweet success.

He'd come a long way from the little transmitter between Akron and Cleveland where it all began. When Mad Daddy drove his pink Pontiac down Euclid Avenue, he was recognized. The talented, young Californian was top disc jockey in Cleveland, the town famous for unique, highly original, even obsessed, radio personalities, and like every Cleveland radio immortal before him, from Bill Randall and "Moondog" Alan Freed through Bill Gordon, Ernie Anderson, Don Imus, Casey Kasem, "Weird Beard" Norm N. Nite, and even Gary Dee Gilbert, he could name his own place and price.

Myers named his own place and price, but its promise of fame and fortune was never fulfilled. Though a major pioneer in radio and rock history and one of the great radio gurus of both rebellious fifties and sixties youth cultures, Myers' name is no hip household word; You won't find it in Gene Sculati's "Encyclopedia of Cool". Myers was a bonafide genius, a notably brilliant artist whose pure vision collided violently with his desire for material success — an irreconcilable conflict. In 1959, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts graduate, originator of a nationally broadcast style, used his immense talents to hew a lucrative radio market from local youth's alienation and boredom. He was Cleveland radio's prodigal son. Nine years later, dead in his Manhattan apartment from a self-inflicted gunshot wound, he'd taken a long mad ride on a "Train to Nowhere" and reached the end of the line.

San Francisco-born Pierre "Pete" Myers blew into the North Coast in the mid-'50s on the tailwinds of a long spate of professional disappointments. Before then he had been a New York actor paying old-era trouper's dues: acting school in London, a frustrating turn at summer stock, an ill-fated shot on Broadway, and long hours in the agent's waiting room. A natural character actor with easy ethnic mimicry, broad face, and fair hair, Myers hustled scores of bit parts in TV docu-series like Project 90 and You Are There as a heiling, heel-clicking Nazi. But the typecast passed from vogue, and Myers found himself unemployed again. Fed up with acting and unwilling to spend another winter selling toys at Macy's, he packed up and headed home.

Do You Remember Rock & Roll Radio?

Back in California, his brother Ernie had been doing well as a disc jockey, and since Pete had some radio experience making propaganda broadcasts in the Army in Korea, he thought he would try the shtick, too. He might even have foreseen a crazy career in radio. As a soldier, he reportedly was busted for an unauthorized War-of-the-Worlds type broadcast that hysterically alerted North Korea to the threat of dragons rising from the sea. Later, after a hitch in the Army, he would develop a far more serious interest in Oriental culture, even an obsession.

He heard that all the excitement in radio was happening back east, especially in Cleveland, so he quickly left his boring, challengeless job with a San Diego station. Interested in a television crossover (Ernie Kovacs recently had gone from radio to TV in Philadelphia, a town then in almost the same place on the showbiz ladder as Cleveland), he decided on Akron. "Close enough for me," he said.

Under various monikers on Akron's WHKK radio, he dug up "Honker" music (with bleating saxophones) and other rhythm 'n' blues styles that blacks and a few white musicians and disc jockeys like Cleveland's "Moondog" Alan Freed had started calling rock 'n' roll. Myers played the stuff, and the kids were wildly enthusiastic.

Playing previously all-black labels (known then as race music) unknown to most white disc jockeys and pioneering

the southern white version called rockabilly, Myers helped to popularize the low-budget records that were being cut in music-stores, basements, and the back rooms of diners. He followed his own tastes and eventually introduced a kind of humorous, off-beat rhythm 'n' blues that he called "wavy gravy."

Myers' impact on Akron listeners in the mid-'50s and Clevelanders later is considerable. To some of his faithful, now full grown, he is still almost a god, and so there is a wealth of stories about Mad Daddy's formative years. Some even claimed he was the first to use the term rock 'n' roll to white audiences. Since Alan Freed had made his contribution and left for New York before Myers had even developed his Mad Daddy persona, it is unlikely that Freed stole Myers' term. Still the character clearly evolved slowly on northeastern Ohio soil, though Myers' own account of Mad Daddy's birth is more romantic.

In a 1967 interview with Cleveland disc jockey Dick Liberatore (coincidentally, Freed's brother-in-law). Myers claimed it all came to him in a flash at a small, low-power radio transmitter out in the boondocks between Akron and Cleveland one night as he played his offbeat rhythm 'n' blues on a program with only one sponsor, Black Draft Syrup. It is unclear whether Myers was with WHKK, WJW, or another station then. Realizing he had been around the world pursuing the Big Break and was now stuck between Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, with no way out, inspiration born of desperation came as he grabbed an off-the-cuff rhyme. "A fella'd have to be mad, mad, mad . . . ," he said. And that was it. Weird sound effects and reverberating laughter set the mood. Pete Myers on the air became Mad Daddy.

Whether the product of years of sweat or of one horrifying lonely night, by 1957, Mad Daddy's message was getting through to somebody. In Cleveland Heights one night, Neil McIntyre, a youngster of 16, became so intrigued by the sounds he heard that he decided that he had to find the man responsible. With a new driver's license but no wheels of his own, McIntyre bummed his uncle's car and, truer than the American Graffiti scenario 20 years later, drove around transmitters in Seven Hills until the signal on his radio got stronger. Following it down a muddy road to an old pillbox building, he pounded on the door until a subdued-looking man in Ivy League clothes let him in.

The kid was astonished to find the quiet preppy the only soul in the joint. All that commotion came from one little human dynamo. After McIntyre's first glimpse of the frenzied brilliance fueling Myers' ambition, he asked right then and there if he could take phone requests. He became the Mad Daddy's one gofer, record librarian, and right-hand man, later responsible for warming up live show audiences, the shock troops of a sometimes three performance-per-night madness that helped sustain the excitement around Mad Daddy.

Myers was not destined to stay out there long and soon climbed the local ladder, officially going with WJW radio in Cleveland around the end of January in 1958. Initially, it did not seem the 8 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. show would make it through the first few months, but determined never to go backwards, Myers unleashed a furor of pleading, cajoling, and extolling to get listeners to send cards, letters, and records. Mail fell off during a Miss Mello Muffin contest, and Myers' back was against the wall again, but his sincere SOS piqued bored Cleveland teenagers' interest in kooky way-out phenomena, and the cult swelled to a sizable audience.

Arnie Rosenberg, Cleveland's award winning record producer and engineer who became Myers' sound man at WHK, described this "most intense, wildly talented man" who sat in the studio surrounded by eight turntables and a variety of homemade noisemakers, gabbing full tilt in rhyme. Driven, febrile Myers made many of today's breakdance and scratch disc jockeys look like sleepwalkers. Still impressed after all these years, Rosenberg said, "It was all spontaneous, the rhyming throughout the whole show, the sound effects, everything. You'd just sit there in amazement and try to create with him."

If anything, Myers was even more crazed when he was at WJW while he was still clawing to the top of the local heap. Alan "Moondog" Freed, a deejay who became nationally famous, was a WJW alumnus, and this fact put a lot of pressure on young Myers, who felt one step closer to his dream. He had to be a little quicker, madder, more original, more obsessed. His bizarre nightly transformation from mild-mannered Pete Myers to "zoom boomin'" Mad Daddy earned him the title of the Jekyll and Hyde of radio from his associates. Myers had concerted his efforts into a headlong gallop for the top.

Able spontaneously to create rhymes through an entire four-and-a-half -hour show, doing even commercials in off-the-cuff rhyme at breakneck speed, handling all the physical demands without modern radio conveniences like prerecorded tape machines, Myers was also talented at creating new language in the American idiom. The gabber's fun words appealed to the kid in everyone.

Myers' gift of gab still can be experienced in an old 45 rpm record (cut under the name The Joker, on G&F Records) called "What Is A Fisteris" and, on the flip side, "I Love A Good Practical Joke." "What Is A Fisteris," without really telling what one is, describes Fisteris social habits, love lives, likes, and dislikes in a Jabberwocky that somehow makes sense, all accompanied by an instrumental version of Chuck Berry's "In the Wee, Wee Hours."

"Fisterises like pretty girls named Ingaborg with silver shoopers in their hair, sometimes moping about the snurds and limrocks they've loved and lost, sobbing big teedle-dools. Like everyone, they dislike artichokes for breakfast when the bumblebugger's gone."

"I Love A Good Practical Joke," a frantic, extemporaneous beatnik rap accompanied by riffing bongos, explains the good-natured competition between The Joker and his pal Melvin, another practical joker. After catching 6,000 volts through his electric razor (rewired to a train's third rail), Melvin retaliates, giving The Joker an unhealthy lungful of poison gas. Dying laughing (his mad laugh), The Joker concedes.

Ernie Anderson, a former colleague of Myers at WHK and now a very highly paid announcer for ABC, like Myers, worked with new words and made-up languages, particularly when he was in his professional persona as Ghoulardi. Anderson's Ghoulardi was a successful TV character hosting late-night monster shows.

"There's always a new phrase," Anderson said from his home in Hollywood, "Who the hell knows how it started?" He says that anyone with access to mass media can create new words, phrases, languages by merely trying them out on the air. "If it never comes back, don't try it anymore. Surprise,

anything offbeat works. Like me, if Mad Daddy threw it out and it came back, he kept it."

Good insight from Anderson, but it does little to explain the brilliance with which Myers handled nonsense words and new phrases. One little language drill he used on air was something Mad Daddy called "Zoomerating." Spontaneously, he would start at the top of the alphabet (Atom-smashing) and go all the way through to Z (Zoomerating) with different words to describe his radio show. The amazing thing is that he would think up 26 new words each time he did the drill; no small feat.

Such off-the-cuff verbal wizardry certainly helped make his WJW show a success with kids, but it is no surprise that his crazy jargon, his mad antics, and his flamboyant costume alarmed many of Cleveland's older citizens. For a time, some of them wrote to the newspapers to complain. That only made him more attractive to the young during the late-'50s, a time when self-conscious youthful alienation was beginning to catch on big. Everyone agreed that as Mad Daddy, Myers had charisma. Ben Arrigo, who later was Myers's producer at WHK, describes his friend's power over Cleveland teenagers.

Besides the high school kids who naturally listened to Myers, Arrigo says, younger kids, eight to 14, would come in off the street to see Myers's midnight live show. "Half of them barefooted in raggedy clothes, smoking, looking tough like they were going to take over. But when he put on the cape and went into his number, they were awed and silenced. They knew they were seeing something rare . . . They were fascinated." Myers had created a character who was for the young only, and they ate it up. What those late-50s Cleveland kids—earliest of the post-war baby boomers—were hearing was the first strain of the anthem of alienation that would help shape the next decade—the '60s. Clearly, Mad Daddy's mad minions never wanted to grow up.

Predating Ernie Anderson's successful Ghoulardi character that appeared on TV five years later, WJW-TV picked Myers to host its 1958 late-night horror show. Video tape was not widely used in those days, so there are no clear images of how he did, only hazy memories. But, as usual, the man's obsession produced uniqueness. First of all, he did whole shows with his picture upside down, creating a most unsettling impression in the viewer. Maybe a little too disturbing. The show did not last long.

Comparing Mad Daddy's first aborted crossover to TV and Anderson's successful Ghoulardi five years later is difficult. Both liked the same kind of music, the weird sound effects, and the wiggy lingo, but their styles were completely different. Ranting and rhyming, Myers's only ploy was the inverted close-up, a trick that enhanced the crazed intensity of his eyes. Ghoulardi, on the other hand, used a multitude of visual ploys, exploding whole suburban toytowns with firecrackers, incinerating photos of Cleveland notables, and cutting into the movies to interject wild nonsense. In short, Anderson's craziness made a successful crossover into television; Myers's did not.

Frustrated again but resolved to take his character to the limit, Myers jumped ship in the spring of 1958 and went with WHK for twice his WJW salary. But even the job change gave the Mad Daddy creator trouble. Since he did not give WJW the required 90-day notice and by virtue of an off-the-air clause in his contract, he found himself banned from broadcast at a time when keeping a high profile was critical to his career.

He tried all the current tricks to get himself fired, tricks like locking himself in the studio and playing the most unctuous-sounding record ever cut for two weeks solid, but the stunt failed. So, still receiving a salary but off the air entirely, he tried to keep his exposure up by doing three grueling live shows a night. He began to panic. He knew that he had to do something spectacular for his mad character to remain in public focus. One story has it that he asked WJW management if there was some way around the ban, and the answer came back: "Go jump in the lake." He decided that was the answer.

Myers cooked up a plan to fill Cleveland harbor with gelatin and, wearing a Zorro costume and dumping bushels of records, parachute into the gooey mess from 3,000 feet.

Telling everyone that he had parachuted hundreds of times in Korea and intimating that Walt Disney was picking up the tab for pitching Zorro, he schmoozed the Civil Aeronautics Administration into permitting the stunt. The Coast Guard, though, warned him that choppy Lake Erie waters were extremely dangerous and gave him a fifty-fifty chance of survival. If they had known the truth, they would have stopped the jump. Myers had never parachuted in his life; he was just desperate to stay in focus.

The CAA did forbid him from throwing records and wearing a costume, and he was unable to find enough Jell-O to fill the space between the breakwater and the shore, but at about 3 p.m. on June 14, 1958, Myers went up in a friend's Piper Cub as 300 fans watched from the shore. His manager and his new wife, Ann, waited in a cabin cruiser, and his sidekick Neil McIntyre sat in a dinghy. True to his promise, Myers yelled, "Zorro!" and leaped, plummeted 100 seconds, and hit the chilly 60-degree water unharmed. To Ann and his manager, the jump seemed to take 10 minutes.

He was fished out and headed to Captain Frank's for coffee. The fifty-fifty odds, he said, were "better than I get at

Hialeah." Later he said, "I didn't want those cats to forget me." No one did.

Ernie Anderson's first peek at Myers' driven nature was the jump, and he remembers telling him "You're an asshole for doing this." But he says he understood that Myers' obsession was success. "Success didn't mean that much to me. If I had to jump out of a plane to be one, I'd pass." Mad Daddy was back on the air waves by August.

At WHK, the character's popularity became incredible. Other stations would have saved money by not broadcasting when he was on. He introduced almost every Cleveland rock hit, including national hits on local labels. Everyone listened to Mad Daddy, and commercial time on his show was pure gold. He still got records from small independent labels, but now he was courted by the mighty. Nationally known record artists and producers hung around. He did a national "Double Cola" ad, which aired during American Bandstand. "Batty Bucks," the natty gray-with-black-batwings footwear he designed and endorsed sold so well that Stone's sold them out and had to have them manufactured. Mad Daddy was mobbed wherever he went for personal appearances — Stone's, Greene's, Record Rendezvous, and, of course, his live shows. In his black cape and his pink Pontiac, Mad Daddy had finally arrived.

Less than a year later, on June 26, 1959, he was doing his last show from Dracula Hall. WHK's ritzy New York sister station, WNEW, gave him the Big Break. On July 4, 1959, to as much fanfare as any disc jockey—or foreign dignitary—gets there, Mad Daddy arrived in the Big Apple. The importance of this move to Myers himself cannot be overstated, because as Arnie Rosenberg says in recalling his old friend, "His dream? He wanted to be the biggest guy in the world."

Events unfolded differently than he had expected, however.

After Mad Daddy's first show in New York, the phones at WNEW rang off the hooks, but Myers' elation upon hearing that the switchboard was jammed soon shattered. What came in was a resounding all-night put-down, something Myers had never encountered, even in his days with WJW. He had come a long way to a dead end; the Big Break was a big mistake. Mad Daddy was a no-go in New York City.

Myers' friend Ben Arrigo remembers the station and says, " ...on one night and off the next. WNEW's format can't be tampered with. Big Broadway producers, producers, politicians, and corporate executives listen to it. New York's stable upper-middle class. They got home and listened to this craziness? They were appalled."

Myers was chastised as an idiot. Manhattan's fogey upper-crust did not get it. A television shot that had been hinted at was quickly nixed, Mad Daddy forever forbidden by WNEW. So while he had been a legend in Cleveland, in New York Pete Myers was just another disc jockey. He had named his place and price, there was not much he could do about it.

Four years later, in 1963, he escaped to WINS, New York, a rock station and home to famed deejay Murray the K Kaufmann. Through a weird fluke, he found that Neil McIntyre, his faithful gofer from Cleveland, would be his new boss. Both thinking this divine intervention, they convinced WINS that New York was ready for some genuine madness, and Myers brought Mad Daddy back from the shadows.

Myers portrayed the Mad One intensely, but things had changed. The music was different, for one thing. Except for the new Mowtown sound and the Phillies sound, rock in 1963 was not the good old wavy gravy he had played four years earlier in Cleveland. The kids, too, seemed strange. Like Oobladi's self-isolated Neverneverland kids, they were alienated from the grown-up world of nuclear doom and murdered heroes. A generation, having lost its Camelot, seemed to be just hanging around waiting for something to happen.

What was happening was doing so across the Atlantic in England. Myers, having lived and studied in London a decade earlier, was one of the first to recognize that an English pop phenomenon could be the biggest act going. When Myers told everyone at WINS that The Beatles would be bigger than Elvis, they thought he was mad. When The Beatles toured the US, Myers was at the airport with the famous WINS welcoming entourage, passing out wigs and sweatshirts. But Myers was a trendmaker, not a follower. It wasn't like Cleveland. He made the sounds and wiggy image of a generation then. In New York he was popular, but one of many.

Myers had to leave WINS in 1965, though, when the station changed its format to all news. He returned to the security of the middle-of-the-road WNEW, again trading his Mad Daddy persona for that of the standard, mellow-voiced disc jockey, the quiet Pete Myers. As he lost more control of his professional life, he turned further and further inward. Approaching 40, Myers became increasingly pessimistic about his future.

He still sent taped Mad Daddy shows to stations in cities where he was still idolized, but a new possibility, sort of a

Carnaby Street Mad Daddy British TV series, fell through. In a 1967 interview, he admitted he'd do it again given the chance: " ... if it's earthy beat, gut-bucket rhythm and blues, by me it'll be wavy gravy in 1987", but New York wasn't buying his act. Life as a disc jockey without personality in a town of 10 million wasn't much of a payoff for the brilliant Pete Myers.

The radio business was changing dramatically from what it had been in Myers' early days. The financial picture of the business had changed so much that stations no longer trusted disc jockeys to make decisions about what records they played. That task was now the job of the program director. Disc jockeys were being forced to abide by 'playlists' and emphasize major label records to make sure that the immense economic plum of the Neverneverland generation was 'market accessible'. Individuality in radio was dying.

Old Cleveland friends Ernie Anderson and Tim Conway came into town to pitch an album they had made, but Myers could not get it played on his station; he could hardly plug it. Perhaps he felt he had insulted his friends with this lack of professional control. He was friendly, but they sensed that something was missing, Anderson remembers. Arnie Rosenberg, and Neil McIntyre both heard him or saw him in New York and noticed something odd in his voice and manner.

There was the divorce, for one thing. His marriage to Ann, an attractive dancer from Ohio, had ended. But he had soon remarried a beautiful New York model named Lisa and even settled down a bit. The real aggravation in his life seemed to be professional problems.

By the autumn of 1968, program directors were controlling every disc jockey's music and routines, leaving little freedom. The days of 'monogram sounds' like Myers' wavy gravy were over. Professionally impotent, Myers turned further inward. The orientophile became deeply immersed in Zen and Bushido.

During the first week in October, line-up changes were afoot at WNEW in New York, changes that would shift the "Pete Myers Show" from its daytime slot of 1 to 4 p.m. to a later time—8 p.m. to midnight. Station officials later said they thought Myers was "enthusiastic" about the change.

On Friday, October 4, 1968, "lovable, laughable Pete Myers," as he had come to be known, arose and dressed for work, putting on his finest clothes. That evening was to be the beginning of his new time slot, and perhaps half-sleeping, his wife Lisa noticed how elegant he looked. The 40-year-old trouper had chosen to play his final role that day, a samurai frustrated by all normal channels of honor. A collector of guns, he took his most valuable weapon, a prized shotgun, and calmly strode to the bathroom. The door closed behind him; time sped into fast-forward: "fiver, four, three, two, one . . ."

Saturday's New York Times carried an obituary that said a note found near his body "indicated that Mr. Myers had been despondent over a plan to shift the time of his radio show."

Sixteen years later, Ernie Anderson said he still thought about Mad Daddy Pete Myers. "He was a brilliant, sensitive, lonely man," Anderson said. "But I think his brilliance killed him."

And the man who was probably Myers' best friend, Neil McIntyre, recalled his brilliance, too. "Well, he was a genius, and many men as intelligent and gifted as he take their own lives, don't they? He was like one of those legendary samurais . . . there was no other way out for him but the romantic way out. He was a much more serious student of Japanese culture than anyone thought. It was just one too many changes; there was only one way out."

This article first appeared in its original form in Cleveland magazine.

Back In 197whatever, the first PSYCHOTRONIC TV movie reviews appeared in CLE (yes, the same fine publication you are now reading).

In 1980, PSYCHOTRONIC became a weekly TV guide in NYC, then a book - PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM (Ballantine) which is still available for $23.95 (ppd).

Since 1989, PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO has been a magazine covering the vast and growing world of horror and exploitation movies. Each issue features exclusive, detailed interviews with actors and directors, a thorough show biz obit section, columns and lots of video reviews. PV is an illustrated 92 pg. quarterly.
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My Dad Is Dead

It was 10 years ago, sometime in mid-May 1985, one year after Mark Edwards' father died, that My Dad Is Dead made its first public appearance . . . at J.B.'s in Kent OH, opening up for Red Dark Sweet.

So, once and for all, this My Dad Is Dead name . . . what's up with that?

"OK, here's the real story behind the band name that people have been asking me about for years. My father was very sick & pretty much bedridden the last few years of his life. It began to become a personal inner joke to me when an acquaintance who I knew didn't really give a shit one way or the other would ask, 'How's your dad, Mark?' Well, about a month after he died, just that very thing happened, and I said with deadpan face, 'Oh, my dad is dead', the reaction being a few embarrassed sorries and quick change of subject. The whole thing was a commentary on the fake concern some people try to project, and the discomfort people have discussing things that might be too 'close' and personal. It also wasn't entirely my idea. I had been struggling with a name for this 'band' for a few months, and my girlfriend at the time suggested it. Little did I know then it would become like an appendage that kept growing back every time I'd try to cut it off."

That first year was just Mark Edwards with a guitar and a Roland 606 drum machine, naked and raw. So where did you get the nerve?

"I'd only started playing guitar in earnest about 6 months prior to my first show. I really wasn't very good at all, but there seemed to be something about my presentation or the songs themselves, that people seemed to find interesting. My worst memory of that year was a show opening at the Phantasy Theatre for the Butthole Surfers. I had never previously played in front of an audience of more than about 30 people . . . here there were about 700. My legs were shaking so bad I couldn't step on the pedal to start the drum machine. I thought I would lose all muscle function in them. There was another show where I opened for Modern English at Peabody's. It was like a week after the first record came out, and I had a couple of boxes of them with me on stage to sell later. During my set, a couple of disenchanted Modern English fans reached up on the stage and pulled them off, then began flinging them around the audience. I think I ended up picking up about 80% of them off the floor at the end of the night. I preserved one copy that has a huge bootprint right in the middle of it."

MDID has always stayed a bit behind the "buzz" on the "indie" "scene", never following the yellow brick road to a major label that many of the bands that started around that time trod, but never giving up the ghost either. The latest full length record is the band's 8th, along with about a 1/2 dozen 7"-ers, a few compilation tracks, and an 8 song double 7" EP scattered throughout its 10-yr history, making it one of the most prolific indie bands that hardly anyone knows about. So, isn't it time you were on Conan O'Brien or something?

"Sometimes it's pretty unbelievable to me to look back on the volume of songs I've written and released—well over 100. I feel that I've been exceptionally lucky to have even a small fan base that could maintain interest over that much material. People are very big these days on signing to major labels and making a musical 'career' for themselves. I think it's ludicrous to think that anyone who writes ultimately disposable pop / rock songs actually 'deserves' to make a wealthy living from it . . . just as it's absurd for baseball players to get paid the equivalent of my father's lifetime of wages for striking out with bases loaded in the ninth inning of a tie game. I don't really feel like I deserve or am entitled to anything. I'm just grateful to have been able to put out this many records and with each one I keep praying that it won't have to be the last."

The touring / recording band has included 10 different members over the years. Is good help that hard to find?

"No matter how hard I try to make it a band thing, it always seems to come across as Mark Edwards with whoever he's playing with this time around. I'm really hoping that the current lineup (Matt Swanson on bass & Scott Pickering on drums — present for the last two records) will be the band I've really always wanted to be a part of."

So, how long to you plan to keep up this charade?

"After 10 years I guess I should ask myself, 'When does a band become a career?' I certainly don't want to stop yet, but I'm certainly not making any money either. Sometimes I wonder if 99% of musicians ever make any money from making music, or like Atlas, are they simply propping up a bloated world of 'industry' excess? Rule #1 of the 'establishment' rock world . . . Everybody gets paid before the band. But then, I've always hated the 'selling' part of the 'business' anyway. Even saying the words is distasteful to me."

So why not do the honorable thing and get out?

"There's nothing in this world that tops the feeling when a song comes together that moves me, that's why. A song, in my definition, being something that truly expresses a feeling or idea I can't express with just words. After that, it's all just gravy. If the method were available for me to record music for free, I would gladly give it away. I know it's a tired old cliche, but I never started writing songs for anyone but myself. I was a little surprised by all the attention heaped on the band during the Homestead days, and I guess I didn't take the time to appreciate it at the time. Here I was, barely an adequate guitarist, with a drum machine, who couldn't really sing, getting the opportunity to play alongside real bands like the Pixies, Wolfgang Press, Siouxsie & the Banshees, Hawkwind, Butthole Surfers, Naked Raygun, White Zombie, Throwing Muses, etc etc. Actually, the best thing about this whole major label alt.rock explosion is that the quality of rock you can get from the local library has improved 100%.

MDID DISCOGRAPHY:

1985 And He's Not Gonna Take It Anymore LP St. Valentine*
1987 Peace Love and Murder LP Birth*
1988 Let's Skip The Details LP Homestead*
1988 The Best Defense cassette Homestead*
1989 Time Has Come Today (compilation track) Homestead*
1989 The Taller You Are, The Shorter You Get 2xLP Homestead
1990 Shine 2x7" Scat*
1990 Flesh Colored House split 7" (w/ Bastro) Clawfist Records*
1990 Redeye split 7" (w/Prisonshake included in P-Shake's I'm Really Fucked Now Box set) Scat*
1991 Chopping Down The Family Tree LP Scat
1991 Old Toys or a Boat split 7" (w/Prisonshake) Scat*
1992 Time And Again(Hotel Cleveland comp) Scat
1993 Where's Our Reason split 7" (w/Rastro) Simple Machines
1993 Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind LP/CD Scat
1995 For Richer, For Poorer LP/CD Emperor Jones
1995 Hello Recording Club CD-5 Hello Recording Club
1995 Second Thoughts, Nothing Special CLECD1*

** = asterisk indicates out of print*

gem

by Rosa Del Monte

Doug Gillard - vocals, guitar
Tim Tobias - vocals, guitar
Jeff Curtis - bass
Scott Pickering - drums

GEMisNOW. Yeah, they've got a history behind 'em (what band doesn't), and we'll get to that, but GEMisNOW. The thing is, is they have this album called "HEXED", and if you care about rock, or pop, or guitars, or guts, you gotta hear it. It's got twelve songs on it, see?, and GEM has a lot more angles they're coming from, and curves to throw at you than twelve, and they care about songs, too. It ain't just riffs and howls, 'though they can riff and howl with the best of 'em. Slip "HEXED" into yr machine (whatever kind you use), and pretend you're listening to the top 10 of some parallel universe. Sometimes you'll hear the the 60s, others the 70s, 80s, 90s, sometimes England, others Memphis and Nashville, Brazil, but always Cleveland, & always GEM. They got wide ears, smarts, a sense of humor. They can croon & they can kick. They can both rock it like whoever you want—Voidoids, Stones, Who, even Death of Samantha—and go for the big pop moment like Lulu, Bolan, Pet Clark, or Brian Wilson. Yeah, GEMisNOW. But how did they get there? The 4 gentlemen who make up GEM are all veterans of the Cleveland/Kent scene. GEM founder Doug Gillard (a recurrent rumor is that GEM is an acronym for Gillard's Excitement Machine) has played with Starvation Army, Children's Crusade, My Dad Is Dead, and most notably Death of Samantha, aka the world's greatest rock'n'roll band. Gillard also plays with two former DoS members in Cobra Verde, probably the only rock band named after a Werner Herzog film. Tim Tobias, GEM's other main songwriter, was in 4 Coyotes & Ghost Sonata. Madman drummer Scott Pickering has played with the Ragged Bags (THE classic Kent band), Spike In Vain, Shitmother (formerly Prisonshake), My Dad Is Dead, and also has a solo project, Pufftube (his interpretation of Don Henley's megahit "Boys Of Summer" has to be heard to be believed). Bassman Jeff Curtis was a linchpin of the Kent "Man Ray" scene: J'Accuse, Moon Love, Crummy Fags (one of only two bands to be named after an Electric Eels song; the other being the short-lived Agitated), Falling Spikes & the Channel Masters. Of course, Jeff also toured with (who else?) My Dad Is Dead.

Hey, don't just sit there. Get GEM. Get "HEXED." And MOVE.

(And we didn't even mention Neil DIAMOND.)

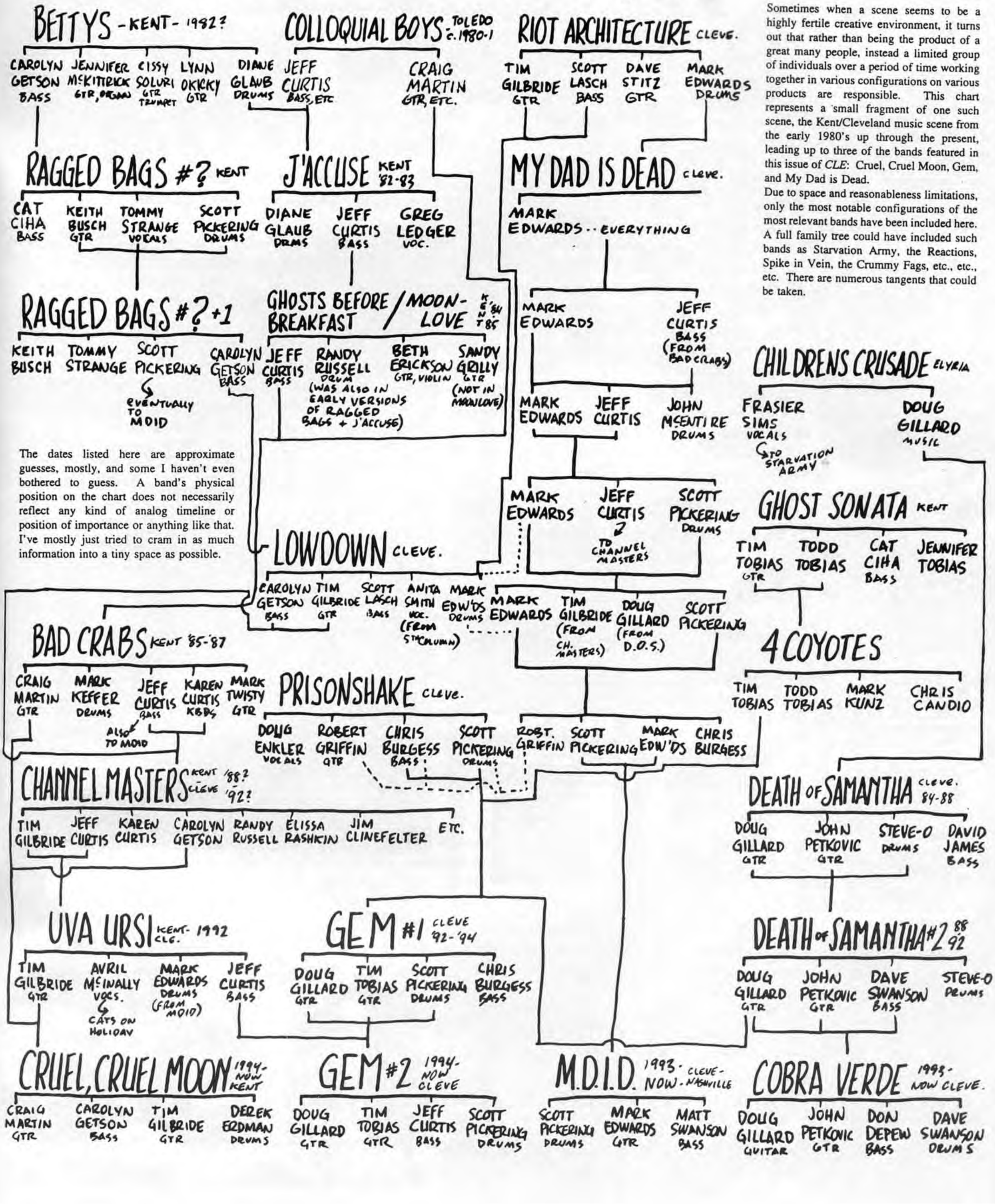
"HEXED" - Restless CD/CS

Also look for:

- V.A. "Hotel Cleveland III" comp. LP on Scat Records with two GEM cuts (Gillard solo)
- "Suburban Girl" / "Drool" (non-LP B) 7" on Carcrashh
- "Sheep" / "Smiling All The While" (non-LP B) 7" on Carcrashh
- 4 Coyotes "Float In The Eye" 7" on Scat
"Wishbone Fight" 7 " on Scat
- Channel Masters (w/ Jeff Curtis) "Salem Ranch Nest" EP on St.Valentine Records

THE INCESTUOUS CLEVELAND / KENT MUSIC SCENE -- A FAMILY TREE --

BY JEFF CURTIS.



The dates listed here are approximate guesses, mostly, and some I haven't even bothered to guess. A band's physical position on the chart does not necessarily reflect any kind of analog timeline or position of importance or anything like that. I've mostly just tried to cram in as much information into a tiny space as possible.

Sometimes when a scene seems to be a highly fertile creative environment, it turns out that rather than being the product of a great many people, instead a limited group of individuals over a period of time working together in various configurations on various products are responsible. This chart represents a small fragment of one such scene, the Kent/Cleveland music scene from the early 1980's up through the present, leading up to three of the bands featured in this issue of *CLE*: Cruel, Cruel Moon, Gem, and My Dad is Dead.

Due to space and reasonableness limitations, only the most notable configurations of the most relevant bands have been included here. A full family tree could have included such bands as Starvation Army, the Reactions, Spike in Vein, the Crummy Fags, etc., etc., etc. There are numerous tangents that could be taken.

VELAND

"The Gazette Covering the Soft Underbelly of Cleveland Underground Rock n Roll"

PERE UBU slammed in the latest issue of Homeless Grapevine for DT's alleged comment that people without money shouldn't be allowed to buy records. Next project: a concept-album deconstruction of the "My Favorite Martian" tv-show, working title: "Ray Walston's Suitcase."

Mark Edwards of MY DAD IS DEAD is working with CRAW on new project MY CRAWDAD IS DEAD. Mark is currently recouping the cost of recording in Nashville by running cigarettes without tax stamps & surplus boxes of Tennessee Pride.

DEREK HESS: In addition to the recent spate of exhibitions, record covers, posters and magazine covers, Gil Kane's most renowned protege has been contacted by the Vatican to do side-project restoration on the Sistine Chapel. CLE always thought those saints weren't quite muscular enough.

Do the Snake!

GEM, the Cleveland guitar-band who have nothing to do with the all-girl action-figure group JEM, are working on new Ambient Dub album under the name of RSVEC (Ruby Slippers Vs. The Emerald City). Also in the works is a collaboration with NY freestyle singer Sa-Fire, & a track for the upcoming King Diamond tribute album. Quips total rocker Scott Pickering, "Hey, it worked for the Golden Palominos."

THE VIVIANS wowed the crowd at a recent Hollywood soiree. Says Marlee Matlin: "I can hear again! Ouch." Next album: "Smooth Surge of a Dental Hygienist."

Seen: UGLY BEAUTY Andrew Klimeyk on the street, trying to figure out what traffic lights are there for. He's recording a tribute to Liz Habib, called "Fat Like Me." Quips total rocker Klimeyk, "Hey, it worked for the BEATNICK TERMITES."

COLTRANE WRECK continuing their homage to jazz greats in a series of secret gigs: Coleman OVERBOARD / Monk EASE.

LOST: At MUSHROOMHEAD concert, one leather straight jacket. Call CLE. No weirdos, please . . .

Sources close to VELAND reveal that the stormy SPUDMONSTERS separation was the result of Chris Andrews' refusal to let Scott Roberts ride his skateboard to rehearsal.

CRUEL, CRUEL MOON has kidnapped several drummers & chained them in their basement so they will have them as needed. The chains also come in handy for extra percussive effects.

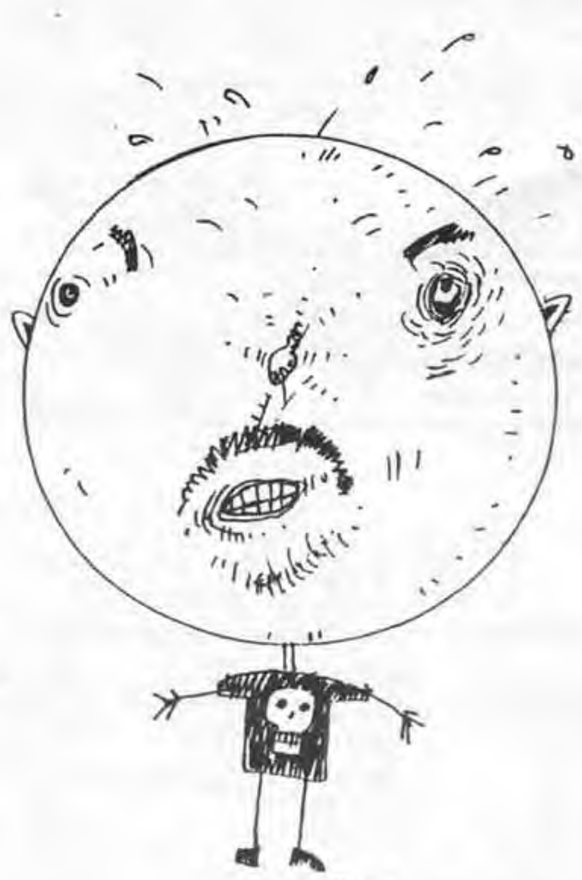
Look for SWANK MOTEL at the Holiday Inn in Richfield. They're not playing there; they're just waiting for the Coliseum to open.

FUZZHEAD name change is in the works: keep an eye out for Flangehead.

MAD DADDY Pete Myers meets Mike Myers in samurai-horror film: "Halloween Nightmare On 13th Street."

Look for COBRA VERDE's new Salsa Verde in specialty stores. Also look for John Petkovic's Guide To Cognac (Vintage Press).

PUFFTUBE news: Scott Pickering is becoming an amoeba so he can split up.



Match-Up

match the two sets of numbers below:

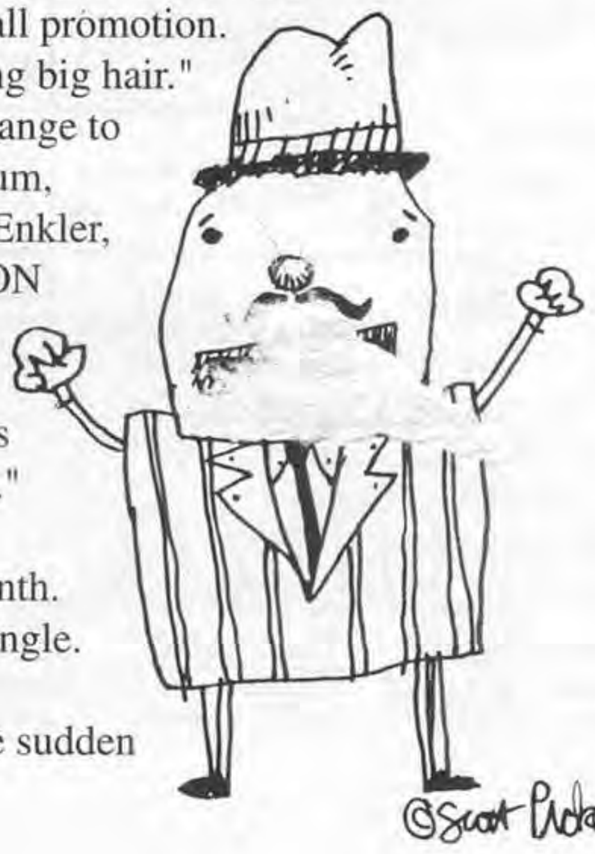
I	II
4	7
7	11
2	4
11	2
9	9

(answers next iss)

EXPATRIATES:

Yeah, that was one-time Pagan MIKE HUDSON singing with a Bon Jovi cover band at a recent NY Keanu Reeves shopping-mall promotion. Quips Mike, "This is a new challenge for me . . . having big hair."

. . PRISONSHAKE looks set to finalize their name-change to Shitmother, effective with the release of their next album, "East St. Louis Toodle-oo." Quips total rocker Doug Enkler, "Hey, it worked for the Descendents." JOHN MORTON doing well in the Apple, has been threatening to come out of r'n'r exile and show us how it's done--currently knocking 'em dead as Daddy Warbucks in his off, off, off-Broadway production of "Little Orphan X."



MEDIA REVIEW: We read Alternative Press last month.

RECORD REVIEWS: We listened to the Queue-Up single.

NEWS FLASH!!! CLE was shocked to learn about the sudden death of

three locations that can't serve you, but...

12427 Cedar–No Drome Here

11800 Detroit–No Drome Here

1290 Euclid–Drome Insurance Fire

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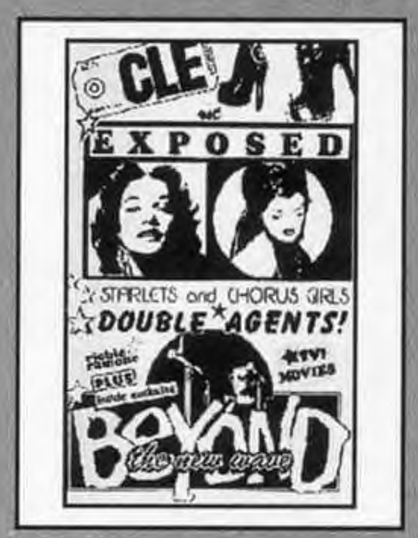
X-Blank-X "A"/"You're Full of Shit" 45. Orig Drome label. No pic sleeve but great Bob Crane label art! **$4 + $2 s&h**

Pagans "Street"/"Shit" 45. 1st Drome Recs release. orig 70's pressing, 90's counterfeit sleeve. **$5 + $2 s&h**



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MORTON 95

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